

RAZOR COAST™

Freebooter's Guide
to the Razor Coast



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RAZOR COAST

THE FREEBOOTER'S GUIDE TO THE RAZOR COAST

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Special Thanks: to Rone Barton – because no one steps up to help a
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FOREWORD

Steel your resolve and tighten your flesh against the lash of the Razor! Like the blood of a keelhauled sailor blossoming across the surface of still seas, so do the ideas and inspirations of the twisted visions of genius game designer Nick Logue ebb and flow through these pages. Those familiar with Nick's style of sinister horror, cinematic description, and epic challenges that hammer upon the souls of his players know why they have waited for the arrival of Razor Coast, and those unfamiliar will soon know what the hype is all about. I too have waited years and have bled myself into these pages, for Nick has taught me to game without fear. It is time now for the rest of the world to gaze into his creation... so draw your blades and plunge into the vicious waters of the Razor Coast! Yar!

– Tim Hitchcock 2013



INTRODUCTION TO THE FREEBOOTER'S GUIDE

Rule the Razor you say?

A fool's ambition. Here land and sea murder at the whim of ancient gods and men's smiles hide a thousand knives. Those fooled into believing that the Kraken's tentacles are more fearsome than its schemes soon find themselves cruelly enlightened. The Razor is too vast and its terrors too countless for even the bravest adventurer to conquer. It won't stop them from trying though, and that means good business for me. I thank the gods daily for sending so many fools into this world.

– Saldrin Seaheart, local guide and purveyor of “adventuring supplies”

Razor Coast, a devil's paradise, where a man's fortune can bleed out quicker than a spitted pig, and where the dawn sky blazes across endless oceans. Oceans that for centuries hid a lost people of whom legend whisper were born into these wild reaches as the sons of sharks. Here, within in the kraken's clutches, law means little while gold breaks all boundaries and blood, pearls, and rum pay for all sin.

Islands poke their toothy ridges up from the depths, angry and defiant, like the maw of a great leviathan intent on rending and devouring ships. Indeed, beneath the rolling waters stretch miles of jagged shoals and empires of coral reef that cut down vessels like wheat before a scythe. Over the years, these hazards have claimed the ships of hundreds of explorers and freebooters, and throughout the Razor, there are many tales of missing ships and the lost treasures hidden within sunken hulks.

Then there are those places that the colonists call "civilized." Filthy boom ports, their shorelines lined with shantytowns crammed with eager profiteers who come quickly, take what they can, and leave behind ruin in their careless wake — convicts, preachers, and those seeking freedom, new identities, or new lives. Depending on one's morals, there is work aplenty for these newcomers. Rum, whaling, and slavery are all big business, while merchants who deal in the supplies needed to keep these businesses running make cool profits, especially when supplies run low. Few of these ports stay open for more than a few decades, thus their inhabitants invest little in their structures or maintenance. Those with wealth usually live on their ships, traveling from port to port, while those without cobble together wooden shacks sealed with whale fat or tarred paper. When the trade routes change or an island's resources wink out, the shacks are abandoned and the populations venture off to the next boom port to seek fortunes anew.

Conversely, thriving ports are hotbeds of excitement. Ships of all kinds crowd slipshod docks. Oozing with the wretched stench of blubber and blood, merchants hawk their wares to passing sailors, anything from ropes, harpoons, and foodstuffs to more questionable items such as poisons, drugs, or treasure maps. Ashore, a boom port's crowded alleys swim with drunks, vagrants, and others come to make whatever coin they can before the port goes bust. Street pugilists hold brutal matches run by shady managers who hedge bets, beggar bards promise to make legends of incoming freebooters for the coast of a few coins, and painted whores keep their nimble fingers poised to pleasure customers or slit their throats, whichever looses the most gold. Thickly scarred slaves pilfered from all ends of the world walk in heavy irons beneath the yoke of their masters, eagerly awaiting the opportunity to rise up against the cruelty of their fate. Indeed, today's slave is often master upon the 'morrow while near as easily, a master can wake to find himself in leg irons.

Outside of the boom ports, life is far different. The

islands of the Razor remain untamed. These are lands where violent monsoons and lush steaming jungles blanket frothing volcanic isles surrounded by beaches of deep black sand that spill into a crystalline blue sea. They strike a chord both peaceful and ominous, for here beauty and wonder often walk arm in arm with danger and death. Human settlements are few, consisting almost entirely of small tribes of indigenous Tulita. Ongoing struggles between these original heirs of the Razor Coast and foreign colonists keep most them wary, if not entirely hostile. In other regions lurk foul beasts, agents of the mysterious powers of the deeps and wild, feral addicts who chew upon the noxious maht root and fly into frenzied hallucinations during which they drink entrails of their foes.

LIFE ON THE RAZOR

The gnashing isles and savage lands of the Razor Coast lure adventurers with dangerous exploits upon which they can build their fortunes and carve their names into the annals of history. Here, one's success transforms into legend, while failure leads down the harder road of poverty, suffering, and death. From a distance, its mild temperatures, sparkling waters, and fertile shores seem a utopia. Yet by its very nature, the beacon of paradise draws evil to its breast. Men and women with conquest in their merciless hearts, freebooters who slaughter the innocent for gain, and inscrutable sea monsters all flock to the Razor to find their riches or hunt their prey. Upon the isles, there lies no place for those unskilled with blade or spell, and only the most hardened adventurers make their livelihood on the Razor.

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

The *Freebooter's Guide to the Razor Coast* is a reference guide designed for use with the *Swords & Wizardry Complete* rules and Nick Logue's *Razor Coast*. While its primary function is to help players create characters using the optional rules if they are to be used in a Razor Coast adventure, it contains many elements which a player or Referee could easily drop into an existing campaign world. Overall, Razor Coast's premise involves the recent discovery of new lands and islands in a previous unexplored semi-tropical environment, thus creating a golden age of exploration feel.

The book itself provides everything a player character or a Referee needs to get started playing in these new lands. It contains an array of new material flavored to life in the Razor Coast, as well as a detailed overview of Port Shaw, the largest and most "civilized" settlement in the coastal frontier. It also provides the Referee with a gazetteer providing further details on the surrounding isles that lay in wait for the future exploits of daring adventurers. Lastly, it offers a wealth of new equipment, materials, magic items and spells.

CHAPTER ONE

RACES

OF THE RAZOR COAST

Despite a range of settlers and native inhabitants, Razor Coast remains dominated by humans. Native tribes of the Tulita, the ethnic humans who dwell upon these lands, make up the majority of the populace, while the remainder consists of colonists from distant and foreign lands. Less commonly encountered are dwarves, elves, halflings, half-elves and half-orcs. Like colonists, these races are outsiders and not native to the region. Lastly, there are those races native to the Razor Coast that include the menehune and the accursed dajobasu.

HUMAN COLONISTS

The colonists of the Razor Coast are a mixed lot. Some arrive out of desperation for a chance at a new life while others seek to sate their avarice. These colonists stream in from all over, many as sailors or pirates wishing for a more settled life, others from seafaring communities, following tavern rumors. A melting pot of seafaring cultures, there is no average look to the colonists. Most skin color is either light or once fair skin bronzed by the sun from sea travel and hard work, but dusker tones make a pronounced appearance as well.

Favored Religions: Any, the religious beliefs and practices of immigrants vary as widely as the range of their ethnicities.

Names: Human can vary wildly according to their point of origin. While some keep their birth names or familial surnames, an equal number leave their old lives behind adopting new names to reflect their dreams, desires, or trades.

As common remains the dominant language among outsiders, most take on common equivalents of their own names.

Female Names: Almyra, Asa, Bess, Bethany, Charity, Chastity, Cynthia, Edith, Elizabeth, Eudora, Fiedelia,



Florence, Genevieve, Hattie, Hettie, Josephine, Leah, Lenora, Matilda, Mercy, Minerva, Natalie, Orpha, Phoebe, Rowena, Samantha, Theodosia, Winifred.

Male Names: Albert, Alonzo, Ambrose, Asar, Barnabas, Bartholomew, Benedict, Calvin, Clinton, Edsmith, Daniel, Ezra, Franklin, Gideon, Harland, Hiram, Horace, Jacob, Julius, Lewis, Lucius, Meeshach, Merrill, Nathaniel, Obadiah, Oscar, Reuben, Roderick, Rufus, Silas, Simon, Thaddeus, Theodore, Uriah, Victor, Zebulun.

TULITA

The Tulita are native to the wild lands of the Razor Coast. While most foreigners see them as a single ethnicity, the Tulita people encompass a number of different tribes and cultures. As a whole, the Tulita people stand fierce and proud. Individual tribes maintain extremely complex social mores, that vary from tribe to tribe, as well as both strong shamanic and monastic traditions. Once a force to be feared, they repelled not only the most ferocious of sahuagin raiding parties, but also brutal attacks by the Karikanti tribes of Blacksink Marsh.

For centuries, they lived in small communities that survived by subsistence farming and fishing. They appeased the spirits of Whale, Turtle and Dolphin with offerings and rituals, hoping to keep the Shark at bay forever. The Tultitas' only contact with other civilizations was limited to their association with a locathah kingdom below the waves.

Although the Tulita have suffered greatly at the hands of the colonists, most continue to cling to their traditional lifestyle. For many, this means moving further inland, or traveling to outlying islands to begin life anew elsewhere, while those in the slums around Port Shaw survive by scraping out what livings they can.

The precise number of Tulita ethnicities remains unknown, though there were at one time thought to be over a dozen. During the early years of violent conquest, colonist wiped out at least two of the older and more powerful groups while others have become more reclusive and vanished into the wilds. Aside from the common Tultitu, those of mixed Tultitu ethnicity, the four most prominent sub-groups are the Kamu, Moamasu, Nakosha, and the Sugalo. Along with these are the distant Aizanes-Tulita of the eastern Razor Sea, though they are seldom found along the Razor Coast.

Kamu are squat and tend to be portly, the latter being a characteristic they believe displays their wealth and prominence. They live in matriarchal tribes with high-ranking females taking up to a dozen husbands. They practice both fire and water magic and enhance their powers with detailed, stylized tattoos.

Moamasu are coastal dwellers, slender and light

with long black hair. Known as spear fishermen and pearl divers, they can hold their breath for near impossible lengths as they pluck natural treasures from the sea floor. Skilled artists, they are also known for their detailed coral carvings.

Nakosha are fierce but reclusive hunters that live in the inland wilderness. Though extremely short—just over five feet tall—they are famed for their manufacture of deadly poisons and are avid headhunters.

Sugalo are famed as the keepers of Tulita lore. Taxed with the duty of protecting many centuries of deep and secretive oral traditions, they know all there is of the sacred tribal knowledge.

Aizanes-Tulita are the inhabitants of the Aizanes Islands at the farthest eastern extent of the Razor Sea. Their culture has been shaped by centuries of contact with traders and diverges greatly in many ways from that of their western kin. This is primarily demonstrated in their belief in and devotion to the Loa, elemental spirits of near deific power who hold great influence over every aspect of their lives. While the Aizanes-Tulita still recognize Pele, Whale, Turtle, and Dolphin, their reverence long ago turned to the Loa making them something of a pariah among their kin on the Razor.

Favored Religions: Pele, the three (Whale, Turtle, Dolphin), various island spirits, the Loa (among the Aizanes-Tulita).

Names: Tulita names are traditionally unisex: Aikane, Ailani, Alana, Aolani, Eleu, Hawika, Hiapo, Hiwalani, Ikaika, Ka Hiwa, Ka Nui, Kaila, Koa, Konani, Laka, Lalama, Lana, Lea, Leialoha, Maka Koa, Maka Nani, Makamae, Mano, Meli, Nalani, Noa, Nui, Palani, Pili Lani, Polunu, Punahele.

DAJOBASU

Every so often a Tulita child is born with subtle but disturbingly monstrous features; tough and leathery skin, thick crocodilian teeth, and pale golden eyes. Tribal elders refer to these children as dajobasu, roughly translated as spawn of the Shark God. The birth of such a child is typically viewed as a curse, a black punishment upon either the child's parents or the village for some transgression against Dajobas. In rare instances, a tribe may instead view the birth of a dajobasu as a gift, believing that the child was sent to strike down the tribe's enemies or liberate them from oppressors. While such individuals become venerated champions, most Tulita treat dajobasu with fearful contempt, quickly ostracizing them from their communities.

Neither are the dajobasu readily accepted into colonial society. Colonists tend to explain such birth as the results of Tulita interbreeding or as proof of their violent and tainted



bloodlines. Ultimately, the precise cause of this tragic phenomenon remains unknown.

Though monstrous by human standards, a dajobasu's features remain subtle enough that at a distance one might easily mistake them for a Tulita. Their skin is similarly colored and they share roughly the same builds and hair. Only on closer inspection does one readily perceive the differences. Their skin is thick with hard ridges, almost like the callused hide of an alligator and a few even have short, vestigial tails. Their brows are broad, their teeth are wide and jagged, and the pupils of their golden eyes slit sideways. Dajobasu bare a noticeable resemblance to the Karikanti gator men, another group of humanoid also believed to have once been a Tulita tribe cursed by Dajobas.

Darkvision: Dajobasu can see in the dark up to 60 feet.

Swamp Dweller: Dajobasu move through marshy terrain with ease, ignoring the difficult terrain in marshy environs.

Waterborne: Dajobasu may hold their breath for a number of rounds equal to three times their constitution before they risk drowning.

MENEHUNE

Blessed by the fires of their patron deity Pele, the small and industrious menehune live deep within the Razor Coast's thick tropical forests, far from the eyes of the Tulita and colonists of the coast. Since the coming of the foreign colonists, the menehune have maintained little contact with the outside world, though they remain on favorable terms with other children of Pele, particularly fire giants. While in centuries past, they were close with the Tulita, the race has taken a decidedly neutral position and removed themselves from the affairs of mankind. As for foreigners, few have seen a menehune and a many doubt their existence. Still, the menehune have left behind examples of their culture and craftsmanship throughout the Razor Coast region, with ancient temples, fishponds, stone houses, and long forgotten roads. Similar in size and stature to halflings, menehune complexions range from light olive to darker skin tones. They have thick visibly raised veins through which races their fiery blood, and they easily flush when angered or excited. Menehune take great pride in their coarse and wild hair that naturally juts and kinks, coloring it exotic colors with plant dyes and fashioning it into long spikes with lime, blood, and goat dung.

While they once lived in large cities, the menehune have returned to a simpler life, living in smaller agrarian communities that subsist by herding, farming, fishing, and trading with other menehune villages. During the darkest nights of the year, they hold multi-community burning celebrations, unrestrained parties where they roast slaughtered boars, wrestle, drink fermented goat's milk, trade, tell tales, and meet lovers from neighboring villages.

Despite their reclusive nature, when young menehune come of age they are expected to travel for a few years in order to experience the world before settling down. The menehune people call this tradition "taming the fire". During this time, young menehune wander the Razor Coast, seeking adventure, fortune, philosophy, and whatever else the outer realm might offer them. When their curiosity is finally slaked, the menehune either returns to his former village or adopts a new one and settles down.

Small: Menehune are small creatures much like halflings. Menehune thieves gain the same bonuses as halflings to thieving skills.

Fire Resistance: Menehune have +2 to saving throws vs. fire.

Pyromaniac: Menehune magic-users are treated as one level higher when casting spells dealing with fire. This

ability does not give the menehune early access to level-based powers; it only affects powers that they could already use. If a menehune has a Charisma score of 11 or higher, also gains the following spell-like abilities: 1/day—*dancing lights*, *faerie fire*.

Fire Assault: Once per day, menehune can draw upon the elemental power lurking in their veins to shroud their arms in fire. Unarmed strikes deal an additional 1d4 points of fire damage. This lasts for a number of rounds equal to the menehune's character level. The menehune may end the fire assault at any time.

Low-Light Vision: Menehune can see as twice as far as humans in conditions of dim light.

Cold Vulnerability: Menehune have a vulnerability to the cold. They take a -2 penalty to all saving throws vs. cold.

Link to Pele: Menehune will not willingly leave the Razor Coast area. If they are somehow shanghaied and taken elsewhere, they will seek to return at first opportunity.

LOOK AT THE PRETTY LIGHTS

DANCING LIGHTS

Spell Level: Magic-User, 1st Level

Range: 40 feet + 10 feet/level

Duration: 2 rounds/level

Depending on the version selected, up to four lights resembling lanterns or torches, or up to four glowing spheres of light which look like will-o'-wisps, or one faintly glowing, vaguely humanoid shape. The dancing lights must stay within a 10-foot radius area in relation to each other but otherwise move as you desire. A light winks out if the distance between the caster and it exceeds the spell's range.

OTHER CORE RACES

Beyond human colonists, a number of other humanoid races have immigrated to the Razor Coast, including elves, dwarves, half-elves, half-orcs, and halflings. Despite the fact that these additional races are not native to the region, players should consider them as core races. Such individuals are most commonly encountered in Port Shaw and similar boom-ports, or as crewmembers aboard foreign sailing vessels.

Elves: The elves that come to Port Shaw have displayed humility since Sammerlock Sails became an enduring testimony of their tragic hubris. Elven merchants invest in many deals with the trading companies and even hire pirates on occasion. Elven colonists prefer the edges of Port



HALF-ORC

Throughout the Razor Coast, despicable men (and women) seek to satisfy their lustful natures. On occasion, these wonton trysts are with “less-civilized” races of the Razor. Half-orcs are the result of one such type of crossbreeding. When seen by civilized races, half-orcs are considered monstrosities, the result of perversion and violence—whether or not this is actually true. Half-orcs are rarely the result of loving unions, and as such are usually forced to grow up hard and fast, constantly fighting for protection or to make names for themselves. Half-orcs as a whole resent this treatment, and rather than play the part of the victim, they tend to lash out, unknowingly confirming the biases of those around them. A few feared, distrusted, and spat-upon half-orcs manage to surprise their detractors with great deeds and unexpected wisdom—though sometimes it’s easier just to crack a few skulls. Some half-orcs spend their entire lives proving to full-blooded orcs that they are just as fierce. Others opt for trying to blend into human society, constantly demonstrating that they aren’t monsters. Their need to always prove themselves worthy encourages half-orcs to strive for power and greatness within the society around them.

Half-orcs average around 6 feet tall, with powerful builds and greenish or grayish skin. Their canine teeth often grow long enough to protrude from their mouths, and these “tusks,” combined with heavy brows and slightly pointed ears, give them their notoriously bestial appearance. While half-orcs may be impressive, few ever describe them as beautiful. Despite these obvious orc traits, half-orcs are as varied as their human parents.

Unlike half-elves, where at least part of society’s discrimination is born out of jealousy or attraction, half-orcs get the worst of both worlds: physically weaker than their orc kin, they also tend to be feared or attacked outright by humans who don’t bother making the distinction between full orcs and half-bloods. Even on the best of terms, half-orcs in civilized societies are not exactly accepted, and tend to be valued only for their physical abilities. On the other hand, orc leaders have been known to deliberately spawn half-orcs, as the half breeds make up for their lack of physical strength with increased cunning and aggression, making them natural leaders and strategic advisors. Within orc tribes, half-orcs find themselves constantly striving to prove their worth in battle and with feats of strength. Half-orcs raised within orc tribes are more likely to file their tusks and cover themselves in tribal tattoos. Tribal leaders quietly recognize that half-orcs are often more clever than their orc cousins and often apprentice them to the tribe’s shaman, where their cunning might eventually

strengthen the tribe. Apprenticeship to a shaman is a brutal and often short-lived distinction, however, and those half-orcs who survive it either become influential in the tribe or are eventually driven to leave.

Half-orcs have a much more mixed experience in human society, where many cultures view them as little more than monsters. They often are unable even to get normal work, and are pressed into service in the military or sold into slavery. In these cultures, half-orcs often lead furtive lives, hiding their nature whenever possible. The dark underworld of society is often the most welcoming place, and many half-orcs wind up serving as enforcers for thieves guilds or other types of organized crime. Less commonly, human cities may allow half-orcs a more normal existence, even enabling them to develop small communities of their own. These communities are usually centered around the arena districts, the military, or mercenary organizations where their brute strength is valued and their appearance is more likely to be overlooked. Even surrounded by their own kind, half-orc life isn’t easy. Bullying and physical confrontation comes easy to a people who have been raised with few other examples of behavior. It is, however, one of the best places for young half-orcs to grow up without prejudice, and these small enclaves are one of the few places where half-orc marriages and children are truly accepted and sometimes cherished.

Even more rarely, certain human cultures come to embrace half-orcs for their strength. There are stories of places where people see half-orc children as a blessing and seek out half-orc or orc lovers. In these cultures, half-orcs lead lives not much different from full-blooded humans.

Half-orc characters have a penchant for the dark; the less people see of them in the bright light the better. Half-orc characters take a –1 penalty to hit anytime they are in bright light. Conversely, when in darkness or when striking from hiding, they receive a +1 to hit.

Half-orcs can also see in the dark. They have darkvision out to 60 ft.

Half-orc characters are limited to Fighters, Thieves, and Assassins. A half-orc who is purely a Fighter may advance beyond 7th level only if the warrior has Strength of 17 (maximum 8th level) or 18 (maximum 9th level). In the Thief and Assassin class, a half-orc may advance with no maximum level limit. Half-orc assassin is a special exception to the rule that assassins are only human.

The half-orc is a supplemental character race for use in the Razor Coast campaign; you will need Referee permission to create a half-orc character, since it’s not part of the “official” *Swords & Wizardry* rules.

Shaw, laboring as gentlemen's gentlemen on plantations if poor, or running those plantations if affluent. For those whom urban life is necessary, the Silk District holds the greatest concentration of elves in Port Shaw.

Dwarves: While most dwarves avoid the open seas; greed and opportunity drove a number of these gruff "earthmen" to the wilds of the Razor. Like most immigrants, the dwarves tend to settle in colonized regions such as Port Shaw. In such places they typically form dwarven ghettos and take up new trades as brewers, craftsmen, merchants, and even whalers.

Halflings: Halfling colonists coming to Port Shaw, settled primarily within the Jade District. Halflings have worked their way into government, merchant houses, trading companies, craftsmen guilds, and even entertainment - taking every opportunity to advance.

Half-Elves: Unlike most of the other humans, a fair number of half-elves are second or even third generation natives, born to some of the first colonists to permanently immigrate to the coast. Half-elves can be found in any major settlement, but rather than form their own neighborhoods they tend to integrate into human society.

Half-Orcs: Many half-orcs come to the Razor to seek out their fortunes as sellswords. Unlike in many regions that fear their monstrous heritage, such things are quickly overlooked on the coast, where one's survival is often tested by strength and steel. Anywhere laborers, warriors, thugs, and rowers are needed, one can find a few half-orcs in their midst. Still, few folk trust those born of monstrous couplings and the more civilized a region becomes, the tougher it is for the half-orc to survive.

Additional Abilities

The following abilities are appropriate for any non-native core race characters and can be substituted for specific racial abilities.

Magic Abilities

Lucky Tattoo: You were plagued by bad luck until you purchased a "lucky tattoo" from a mysterious traveling artist. On that day, your luck did, indeed, seem to improve for the better. Once per game session, when called upon to make a d20 roll, you may roll two dice and choose the better result. The lucky tattoo isn't a magical tattoo.

Totem Tattoo: You bear a tattoo depicting one of the totems (Whale, Turtle, Dolphin). You gain a +1 bonus on saving throws. The totem tattoo isn't a magical tattoo.

CHAPTER TWO

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE RAZOR

YEAR OF THE SHARK

It was in year of the Shark, at the rise of first blood moon when the omens of the Maku Arun rode in wicked silence across the black waters, towering vessels with their great sails in the balmy winds of paradise like pale and ravenous ghost vultures. Five times the size of a Tulita war canoe, these foreign ships hammered through the waves spitting smoke from dozens of angry metal maws. Like Lakano Mua, the Red Misery, and other legendary dragons of old they sailed into Kai Bay blotting out the sky with their stretched canvas wings.

Soon after the first explorers stepped ashore, merchant cogs, three-masted frigates, and whaling ships arrived in droves. Giant dromons and slave barges from the far off hell of Carcass laid siege to the Tulita as well. All manner of strange men and women rode these wooden monstrosities. Humans, elves, dwarves, orcs, and other races soon established settlements in the area, though the Razor's savage mysteries as swiftly snuffed out most.

The Tulita believed the old gods of the sea sent these travelers and attempted to accommodate their needs at first, but it soon grew apparent these newcomers' ways were not in accordance with the Tulas'. Many abused Tulita hospitality and destroyed land the People held dear. The travelers butchered the Whale, spreading a red stain of blood across the ocean, until this totemic defender of the Tulita ceased to visit Kai Bay or treat with the shamans. Other newcomers sold whole tribes into wretchedness at the pox-ridden slave markets of Carcass.

THE FIRST TULITA WARS

Some of the Tulita, seduced by newcomers' weapons and riches, delayed the tribes' responses to these affronts, but finally the stalwart among the many Tulita tribes went to war. The resulting conflicts sprayed the coast in blood. In the end, the newcomers' steel and powder proved too much for even the fiercest or smartest Tulita. The original inhabitants of the Razor Coast, fragmented in their leadership and outnumbered by ever-arriving waves of foreign ships, tore apart from within, as some Tulita swore allegiance to the newcomers in exchange for powerful, easy-to-use weapons – and then turned to settling past feuds.

So it came to pass that the mighty Tulita, who once slaughtered the aboleth enclaves of Shaldrone and pushed their hideous skum armies back into the depths, suffered dismal defeat. In the wake of the war, the newcomers forced the Tulita Grand Lodge to grant honors, land, and the titles of chief and elder to the most powerful and influential of their conquerors.

The Tulita became prisoners in their own lands. Many believed mother Pele had turned her back on them, and hundreds converted to the myriad religions of their oppressors. Others fled to outlying islands or retreated deeper into the monster-ridden interior. One way or another, the invaders forced them from their sacred enclave of Kai Bay forever.

After the conflict, more explorers, adventurers, merchants, farmers, missionaries, and whalers arrived, accumulating in the settlement of Port Shaw, which grew like a tumor. Kai Bay, once a paradisiacal cove forbidden to all but blessed pilgrims and the great kings of the Tulita peoples, now housed Port Shaw, a den of unwashed whalers and scurvy pirates. Their continued predations drive Whale further from the shore each passing year. Grandfather Turtle, his eggs snatched from beaches and senselessly smashed by the newcomers, no longer visits the Razor. Dolphin's cries are silenced, strangled in the fishing fleet's vast nets.

CHAPTER THREE

PORT SHAW



Port Shaw stands as the largest and most infamous of the Razor Coast's boom ports. It sits upon the most strategic point along the coast, near dead center, overlooking Kai Bay at the headwaters of the sacred River of the People. This location made Port Shaw a bustling hub for all sea trade as well as the center of trade and foreign culture. Not surprisingly, Port Shaw is not the first settlement built on this prized location. The surrounding region once marked the heart of ancient Tulita culture. Upon the crucible where Pele's fires smoldered in the sea and birthed land, Port Shaw now squats, dumping its muddy waste into the once-blessed waters.

Founded by the notorious Captain Aldrin Shaw, the secluded waters of Kai Bay proved the ideal location for the renegade privateer to build his growing fleet of freebooters. Upon his initial landing, Aldrin launched several violent and brutal campaigns against the native Tulita, and in the wake of his butchery, he claimed the bay as his own. Captain

Shaw and his men built the port town by hacking plank and board from the surrounding forest and constructing dozens of long piers that pierce the sanctity of the bay like so many knives. They raised houses, chandlers, inns, warehouses, taverns, and brothels to lure trade and accommodate the host of explorers and treasure hunters who descended like locusts upon the ripe, virgin coast.

Port Shaw attracted a dangerous breed of brigand and cutthroat, and the bayside settlement quickly grew perilous for any traveler off his guard. Smugglers, pirates, outlaws, and outcasts filled out the population. In Port Shaw, the streets are unruly, the docks deadly after dark, and the only law in town remains the crushing iron fist of the Municipal Dragons.

Today Port Shaw is divided into loose districts. Like many a boomtown, there are no legal boundaries of any kind, and the districts themselves grow and shrink with

each passing year. The Dragoons patrol each, though anarchy reigns in Tide and Bawd districts after dark. They blithely ignore most murders, assaults, and robberies unless a powerful member of the Lodge takes an interest or a violent act disrupts a wealthy merchant's lucrative business endeavors.

The People of Port Shaw

There are honest, hardworking people in Port Shaw right alongside those who would turn a quick coin by exploiting someone else's labor. Among hopeful colonists, subjugated and oppressed Tulita, swaggering pirates, and exotic sailors; life ekes by on the coast, and one never knows whom one might meet around the corner.

MELTING POT

Port Shaw is a melting pot, and several words from different languages (especially Tulita) have worked their way into the common tongue. Some of these include *Mahga Ah'i*, which meant to "light a fire" but has come to mean "fire your weapon"; *Mai'a* refers to the bananas grown on the island, *Upena* means net, and *Eke* is used for bags and sack but occasionally to reference an unpleasant spouse of either sex.

The Lodge

After the war against the Tulita ended, the victorious colonists determined to police both themselves and the conquered Tulita natives, and so co-opted the Tulitas' political organization, renaming their own ruling body the Lodge after it.

Once revered for their experience and spiritual wisdom, Lodge members no longer number among the most sage of the Tulita. Since the conflict, most who sit the Lodge are merely wealthy foreigners or Tulita puppets who dance to their tune. Today's Lodge "Elders" are mere merchants with their hands on the gold, pearls, and sunken treasure beneath the Razor's waves, as they busily rape the bounty of the coast's natural treasures.

Other Elders are displaced or disgraced aristocrats who fled their own lands and now play god in Port Shaw. Most of these bought their titles with gold and mercenary blades and now take obscene liberties, indulging their every debauched whim. Port Shaw's ruling body does little good for its citizens, while parasites suck as many riches from the region as possible – then retire in luxury.

Citizens of Note

Elder Barrison Hargrove: Considered the most influential member of the Lodge, the Hargrove family has been a staple on the Port Shaw community since its early days. Barrison Hargrove makes no effort to hide his dislike

of all Tulita.

Elder Alastair Crimmeran: A member of the Lodge since shortly after its founding, this aged, blue-blooded elf simply purchased the title Elder. Crimmeran represents the elven interests in Port Shaw and often accompanies the Elven Ambassador, Viscount Senegar Deepwarder.

Elder Nakuakaua: This Tulita still holds the title Elder due to skilled manipulations rather than being some colonist's puppet. He is not fast to act, fearing a misstep could cost him all, but holds steady on his commitment to find ways to gain greater power for himself and his people.

Municipal Dragoons

The Lodge created the Municipal Dragoons to ensure order in Port Shaw, their capital city – for themselves, not their citizens. When drunken whalers wreak mayhem in the streets and pirates prey on fat cargo freighters with abandon, the elders' precious profits stand in jeopardy.

They formed the Dragoons, a force of sellswords and militiamen, most of whom were pirates or smugglers before signing up for a regular salary, to keep the streets safe at night and the waters pirate-free. Though they bedeck themselves in royal blue uniforms with tasseled shoulders and carry shining sabers, in practice the Dragoons bear more resemblance to a gang of pirate marauders than civic peacekeepers – only *these* cutthroats are on the Lodge's leash.

Gregory Bonedeuce, the current leader of the Dragoons, commands Fort Stormshield and captains *Bonedeuce's Pride*, the most impressive man-o-war ever to slice the waves of the Razor Sea.

The Districts

The following are the major districts of Port Shaw, but many smaller neighborhoods cling to the cracks between them or nestle within their larger fellows.

Silk District

Home to Port Shaw's artisans and artists, where many of the town's tailors, coopers, dressmakers, apothecaries and other artisans ply their trades and keep their quarters. More than a few artists exiled from their homeland maintain exhibition halls and meager residences in Silk. The avant-garde of Port Shaw are a mishmash of artists from diverse cultures, hailing from all across the world.

Tulita traditional arts and performance (most notably their dance and musical traditions) add to the mix, making Silk District a melodious and entertaining quarter to visit both day and night. Many of the Tulita arts practiced and taught here cater distinctly to tourists and are highly demystified – watered down and oversimplified to cater to the lowest cultural denominator. The lure of Silk District's coin and pleasures commercializes the natives' culture; an aspect of Port Shaw constantly criticized by the remaining



traditionalist Tulita tribes along the Razor.

Dontorian's House of Haberdashery

This famous hat and fashion shop, located in Silk District, produces the most capital hats on the coast. Everyone on the docks or among the rich and famous of Jade District wears a Dontorian design. Each hat is perfectly tailored to the customer's brow to provide either a piratical or noble flair as requested. A quite fetching standard hat costs 10 gp. Finely made top hats—dashing!—cost 25 gp, and a Dontorian special design—there are no words—costs 100 gp.

Sagacious Samuel's Magic Emporium

Adventurers seeking potions, lotions and other magical accouterments can track down this stately shop, on the edge of Silk and Tide, garishly decorated with arcane symbols and the shimmering illusion of an elven maiden enticing passers-by. Owner Sagacious Samuel offers any potion available in the *Swords and Wizardry Complete* rulebook. He also offers scrolls of any 3rd level or lower magic-user spell.

Native's Delight

The Tulita have long tradition of tattooing their own in a style that much of the rest of the world considers exotic. The Native's Delight in Silk District keeps a staff of several native craftsmen skilled in this Tulitan style of tattooing, and many seek out their mastery of ink, some regulars even frequenting almost daily.

Campus of Cartographers and Explorers Guild

This former plantation offers members of the Guild a safe and respectable place to stay on the outskirts of the Silk District. Several of the outer buildings have converted to new purposes, including communal housing for visiting junior members, guesthouses for important persons, and a summer cottage for the hunt club.

The Cartographers and Explorers Guild is detailed in **Chapter 4: Organizations**.

Jade District

The lair of Port Shaw's wealthiest upper crust – or at least where most aristocrats of the Coast maintain their “city residences.” Many of the richest citizens of Port Shaw also own plantations on the outskirts of the city, or spend some of the year aboard luxurious pleasure barges, intermittently restocking at Jade.

Shops and upscale markets cater to these displaced aristocrats, offering the latest fashions from far-off ports-of-call and every decadent tea, spice, textile or other amenity the rich simply cannot live without. The personal bodyguards of these pampered debutants prowl the streets here. Many of these warriors fashion themselves after the knights of distant Foere across the ocean and swear oaths of allegiance to the loathsome aristocrats they serve, displaying whatever ridiculous crest or insignia their employer takes for a coat-of-arms. The oaths of these ruthless mercenaries

are only as binding as the weight of their masters' gold; still, anyone who looks like they do not belong in Jade gets tossed.

The Kraken's Gullet

Located right inside Jade District on Hargrove Boulevard, a red roof caps this impressive three-story, all-koa-wood inn. Sculpted in the shape of its namesake, a large tentacled kraken, the roof glowers down on all who enter. Here those with the gold can hobnob with Port Shaw's upper crust, while noteworthy local nobles and merchants rub elbows with respected officers and sea captains.

The Gullet maintains a strict dress code for its common room, and they allow no riffraff in smelly armor past the door. A patrol of Dragoons is always present outside the Gullet to see that the code is enforced. At the Gullet, rooms are spacious, secure, clean and beautifully decorated, and its third level suites supply a breathtaking view of either the mountains or the sea, depending on the room's facing.

The Invisible Hand Society Parlor

This parlor is the meeting place of members of the Razor Coast Trading Company and maintains a well-disciplined security force on hand. As befitting of its status, members and guests must follow the dress code, but it allows former military members to wear parade armors. Most of the successful merchants and several business owners within Port Shaw have membership here.

Coppers from the Heavens

Even within the Jade District money can be hard to come by, but for those who are willing to deal with the devil, riches are within reach at Coppers from the Heavens. This small sandstone building hosts one of the most successful moneylenders in the city, LaBuel Rouge (Thf7), who charges usury rates from those desperate enough to agree to his terms. LaBuel keeps two minotaurs on staff to protect him and keep his building secure.

Fort Stormshield

Fort Stormshield is over 100 years old, built even before the founding of Port Shaw by an elven shipping guild attempting to reclaim territory once held by elves during Sammerlock Sails' intrusion into the Razor. These elves purchased the plateau east of present-day Port Shaw and erected Fort Stormshield to protect them from pirates. They abandoned the Fort when their guild – overwhelmed by sea raider's predations – fled the area. Elder Hargrove, rumored to be the architect of the pirates' full-blown war on the elven shipping fleet, purchased the fort for a pittance. Now the Municipal Dragoons of Port Shaw use the fort as their base of operations.

Stormshield's name stems from its design, with fortress wall constructed from thick stone blocks and mortar, strong enough to resist the Razor's punishing tropical storms.

Bawd District

The low-burning, smoky tar lanterns of Bawd call sailors and other visitors to her dark twisting alleys and dock-ways, luring them to experiment with exotic and far-ranging narcotics, to lose their shirts (and occasionally their teeth) at gambling dens, to enjoy Port Shaw's infamous houses of ill-repute, and to attend her myriad entertainments: performances from the Speckled Eyes snake charmer's guild, baboon fights, gourd-gazing seers, legendary scorpion baths, noose races, and other wild spectacles.

Bawd district is also home to The Broken Skull tavern, a well-known pugilists' den, where nightly matches of grit, stamina, and blood on sawdust entertain the drinking crowd. Gangs and guilds of beggars and thieves are a constant nuisance in this quarter, most of who kick up "tribute" to the Municipal Dragoons in exchange for freedom to pursue their business interests. Gang wars occasionally break out resulting in bloody mayhem that can go on for weeks at a time. Eventually the Dragoons step in and quell these conflicts, usually by taking the highest offer from one warring faction and wiping out their adversaries.

The Broken Skull

Located in the heart of Bawd District, where both tight-fisted women of loose morals and slow-swaggering rogues with quick blades prowl, the Broken Skull shines like a beacon to the downtrodden.

FIDDLIN' IN PORT SHAW

Residents of Bawd go mad for a good fiddle tune. The sounds of fiddles sing throughout Bawd day and night, and most bards who plan to earn their way choose this stringed instrument most favored by the common people of Port Shaw. Pirate, sailor, trader, Tulita, knifer, and noble alike all enjoy the twangy screech of a fiddle played with relish. Truly spectacular fiddlers in Port Shaw can do no wrong so long as they are plucking at their strings. There is a strange tradition related to the fiddle in this city of corruption and scum—anyone who can saw a good fiddle can do as they please while playing, and anything they do when "the devils are a'fiddlin' through 'em" is excused.

Perhaps the most noted example of this tradition occurred 7 years ago when Thodris Blount kicked in old Wigby Dernt's skull, leaving a gory mess on the floor, but the crowd just clapped and stamped to the tune of his smoking fiddle strings while he stamped Wigby to mush. Afterwards, there was much back patting and laughter, and they casually slipped old Wigby's corpse into the tide before continuing their imbibing.

Gregory Bonedeuce—a highly talented fiddler in his own right—occasionally takes advantage of this tradition to duplicate Blount's escapades against inconvenient persons.

Because of the noise and general bedlam, few rent rooms at the Skull. Most occupants of the dingy quarters below street level are contenders waiting for a shot at one of the Skull's esteemed prizefighters. The rooms are damp and dirty. They reek of sweat, blood, and urine.

Pit fights are the tavern's true draw. No-holds-barred bare-knuckle contests rage from sundown to sunrise. The pit's five current favorites bash newcomers pulpy to the crowd's delight. Betting is forbidden by official order of the commandant, Gregory Bonedeuce, but most of the patrons gamble to their hearts content anyway. Dragoons do not come here, and it is commonplace for pit fights to spill over into full-fledged tavern brawls.

The Sailors' Kiss

Within the Bawd District, this unassuming tattoo parlor services the sailors and other residents that make their home within Port Shaw. The artists working at the Sailors Kiss often only tattoo from the preconceived and well-practiced designs that cover the interior walls here like artwork displays. The Sailor's Kiss specializes in green ink tattoos.

Miss Molly's Bathhouse and Laundry

This large, three-story building has a water tower atop it painted with a buxom lass elbows deep in soap suds. A sailor looking to wash the stink of the sea off his skin and clothing would find no better place to do so. A steaming hot bath runs a silver piece ever half hour. Clothes are cleaned and mended for 2 cp for each article. The famous Miss Molly (Female Thf3) posed for that water tower painting well over a dozen years ago, but it has weathered well as she pays good coin for skilled artists to touch it up whenever necessary.

Captain's Wheel

This small inn has a good reputation of comfort for those who can afford it. The Captain's Wheel is popular with senior officers on leave from their ship, as well as with older sailors who have done well for themselves.

Spyglass and Hook

This spacious inn with its interior courtyard is notorious for the rowdy behavior among its guests. The inn's sign has an old brass spyglass and hook hand mounted to it and contains no writing. It is run by an old peg legged sea cook by the name of Torch (Elderly Thf6), and his wife, and they cater to the more rambunctious crowd. Rooms can be pricey, but those who are light of coin can make do with camping in the courtyard for a more modest weekly fee.

The Pig's Whistle

The sign above this tavern displays a pig-headed man in a naval uniform blowing a boatswain's whistle. This hospitable eatery serves hot pork dishes and rum. On any given night, the Pig's Whistle is a packed location, with many of the seats and booths filled and a fiddler or two playing a lively tune.

Tide District

The docks of Tide District are the epicenter of the town, where the constant comings and goings of merchant, fishing, and whaling vessels create permanent bedlam on the boardwalks. Few goods or services in the world cannot be procured in Tide, for the right price. In this bustling district ships restock their holds, off-load their cargo and trade their goods from distant shores in exchange for local commodities, angling to fetch a handsome price in a far-off port.

The Run Aground Tavern

This ramshackle little cabin of a tavern in the Docks District is a haven for the many destitute, good-hearted folk of Port Shaw. The owner, Falgor Finney, a kindly old dwarf, allows the homeless and penniless a seat at his bar, a free tankard of ale and a bowl of stew whenever he can spare it. Other innkeepers in Port Shaw call the poor souls who make up Finney's clientele "driftwood" and never allow them past their thresholds.

Chapterhouse of the Church of Quell

Located at the edge of Tide and Silk, the Chapterhouse once served as the heart and soul of Port Shaw. People citywide made the journey each day to worship at Quell's altar. Fisher folk prayed for the bounty of the sea, captains for a peaceful voyage and simple folk for Quell to keep the great waves and monsoons from their shores. A young priest from overseas recently reopened services at the Chapterhouse and is often found caring for Port Shaw's poor and holding regular services.

Old Fish's Supplies

From the outside, this ramshackle building seems nothing more than a small warehouse converted into a bait and tackle shop. Its grimy windows, well-worn exterior and none too clearly marked sign drooping by a single rusty chain above the doorframe, do not speak highly of the quality of products peddled inside. However, for those in need of hard to find bait, tackle, or other fishing gear, or fishing gear and fish traps repair – this is the place to find it.

Imperial Mercantile League Warehouse and Inn

A squat, sprawling warehouse connected a small townhouse, this building flies the Imperial Mercantile League flag above it. Any members of the League can stay within the townhouse for a minimal fee, as well as quartering any shipments within the warehouse.

The Imperial Mercantile League is detailed in **Chapter 4: Organizations.**

Nets and Knots

The Tulita frequent this small dingy shop famed for its sturdy, well-crafted fishing nets and fiber ropes. The proprietor, a retired skipper named Hale, is always willing to buy the native nets and sells them to many of the port's fishing and whaling ships.



The Eight Pence

This old tavern sits within a stone's throw of the docks. Once an old meat pie building, it has since expanded, now catering to those sailors with too much coin and not enough sense to spend it wisely. Certain other comforts besides a hot meal of chowder or water ale are available here for the right price as well.

Outskirts, Plantations, and Beyond

Beyond the outer periphery of Port Shaw, the endless jungle interior of the island presses against the colonists' attempt to tame the land. Only the most adventurous mainlanders try to brave the interior, and only the desperate or bereft live in the Outskirts.

Plantations

Fields of pineapple, taro patches, sugar cane, mango trees and other delicacies worth a king's ransom ring the interior-facing side of Port Shaw. These sprawling estates look like paradise from a distance, their colorful treasures undulating in the cool breeze. Closer inspection reveals the perspiry sheen of indentured Tulita workers and the lash beatings of their overseers.

The plantations are a place of misery. Their verdant lands no longer belong to the native peoples who now work them, slaving away for barely enough food to feed their families.

The conditions at different plantations vary. Some owners treat their indentured workers as valued employees, others like rented mules.

The Sewers

The citizens of Port Shaw avoid the sewers at all costs, and all manner of horrible tales tell of the unnatural inhabitants within. Work on the sewers halted after over 100 Tulita workers lost their lives. While the newly placed foreign members of the Council of Elders cared nothing for the senseless deaths of the natives, they eventually decided further attempts to expand the sewers would waste time, not to mention good slave labor.

As a result, the small sewer system of Port Shaw remains woefully inadequate. While the brilliant design of its seawater intake system far outstrips most other cities' sanitation solutions, the insufficient size of the sewers causes numerous problems. Pockets of explosive sewer gas accumulate in tunnels, and drainage conduits often flood during high tide, blocking sewage from depositing into the once pristine, now cesspool-like Kai Bay. Pollution of the seawater in the harbor is only one of many concerns, although it is likely responsible for the deadly sewage-tainted water elementals that prowl the harbor and the tunnels below the city.

The Dragons bar anyone from entering the sewers without

their Writ of Official Business. This does not keep interested parties of adventurers from probing the murky depths below Port Shaw without such sanction, chasing hastily discarded valuables or rumors of lost treasures left behind by either the prior elven settlers or former occupants of the catacombs. Those brave and desperate enough to face such dangers for a chance at profit are known as “sewer pirates,” the most noted of whom is Lester Farrows.

The Outskirts

Life on the Razor forces many of the unfortunate and impoverished to eke out meager existences beyond Fort Stormshield on the outskirts of Port Shaw, subsisting as outcasts at the edge of a harsh wilderness teeming with monsters. Most of the local Tulita linger in the Outskirts, as do those who need to hide from the rulers of Port Shaw without leaving the city’s shadow.

In the Outskirts, struggling against disease, famine, and aggressive predators, some proud Tulita cling to life with the strength of their ancestors, even as their gods turn away from them. Others have lost hope. More than half the Tulita population living here toil under the backbreaking yoke of the plantation owners. Many of the rest – brothers, fathers and sons – take berths on whaling ships, leaving their loved ones to struggle in their wake.

Those left behind hope their loved ones on the waves will return with enough gold to buy their freedom and perhaps some land. However, those who depart rarely return, as slavers often raid the whaling fleets and make a beeline for Carcass with their human cargo. These unfortunates’ orphaned families persist in the Outskirts, filled with hope, anger, and despair in equal measure.

CHAPTER FOUR

ORGANIZATIONS

In the wild, near lawless lands of the Razor Coast, even those without country or cause remain bound to codes of conquest and piracy, and allies become a vital commodity. The following collection gangs and guilds operate throughout the waters and boom ports of the Razor. Some law abiding, some more freewheeling, adventurers seeking allies, shipmates, or trading alliances can seek them out, either as resources or to join their ranks.

Characters who join the ranks of an organization may earn added benefits based on their character level.

IMPERIAL MERCANTILE LEAGUE

“Profitability and Preeminence”

Touting itself a legitimate trading company, the ruthless members of the Imperial Mercantile League have bullied and butchered their way to the top of the sea trade. Organized by a group of struggling city-states and retired pirates, the League specializes in the export of drugs, poisons, and similarly contraband items readily available in Port Shaw. In the world beyond the Razor Coast, The Imperial Mercantile League portrays itself as a reliable and highly respected company when in fact they readily sell their services to the wealthy foreigners performing such tasks as smuggling, blockade runs, and outright piracy.

The average Imperial Mercantile League member operates aboard a cargo ship, plying the ocean and sea trade routes. Each ship might have many junior members serving under an experienced captain, else might be owned and operated by a single merchant with a paid complement of sailors, soldiers, and cutthroats. These ships are a force to be reckoned with, and though showing restraint with other League members, they are willing and able to attack any other ship on the open seas if the payout seems worthwhile.

The Imperial Mercantile League operates on the

principle that nothing should stand in the way of an individual’s right to avarice, not even the League itself. No matter what the endeavor, so long as there is profit to be made, a League member is sure to undertake it. Each member worries about themselves first and others later.

Within Port Shaw, the headquarters and main storage for the Imperial Mercantile League claim space in a squat warehouse connected to a small town home. A conniving, ruthless bloated woman by the name **Eliza Mudborne** (Half-Orc female Thf8) runs the townhouse. She is a notorious spendthrift, and fancies herself as quite the fetching catch, much to the dismay among handsome new recruits.

The League is always looking for fresh talent, and all membership requires is signing aboard a League ship for a three-month tour of duty. At the end of the tour, the League offers membership along with a tattoo of the Sphinx of Boros on the left forearm, or the right if there is no left forearm to ink. League members rank themselves by profit, wealth, power and prestige. Anyone who achieves these gains renown within the organization quickly. Risky ventures, coming out ahead in backbiting deals, and desperate gambles that pay off sizably are also considered acclaim worthy.

Benefit

Members of the Imperial Mercantile League can take the following benefits:

Sure-footed Seaman: You have devoted much time to training and working while serving at sea. While aboard any vessel afloat on water, you gain a +1 bonus to saving throws.

Requirement: Character level 2 +.

Bravado: You are defiant and able to present a false show of bravery even when you are anything but. You gain a +1 bonus on saving throws versus *charms* and *suggestions*.

Requirement: Character level 4 +.

Expert Duelist: In your youth, you spent countless hours perfecting the art of the duel, focusing your feints on defeating a single foe. You gain a +1 to hit and a +1 bonus to your Armor Class so long as you are adjacent to a single foe. This bonus does not apply to your Armor Class against multiple opponents or missile weapons. **Requirement:** Character level 7 +.

CARTOGRAPHERS AND EXPLORERS GUILD

“To The Edge of The Map”

“Here be monsters” inscribed on any map calls out as a challenge to those who wish to see the edges of the world. The Cartographers and Explorers Guild is based out of Cantelburgh on the mainland of Akados but casts its members in all directions in an effort to expand the known world. In backwater ports and seedy towns, one can find a guild house full of great beast hunters, brave explorers, and bookworm librarians.

The edge of the map is an unknown that taunts Guild members, spurring them to discover what lies beyond it. Cartographer members often act as navigators aboard ships, updating and double-checking existing maps in the hope that an opportunity to expand those maps might present itself. Explorer members work at filling in the details on those maps, and often many clerks and librarians chronicle travel guides for others.

The Cartographers and Explorers Guild has a sizeable campus area on the outskirts of the Silk District. Once a plantation before Port Shaw expanded to engulf it, the Guild bought it up and made it the center of its operations in this part of the world.

Gaining Prestige

The Cartographers and Explorers Guild’s primary motive is to seek out and expanding their knowledge of distant locations, maps, trade routes, and undiscovered wonders. Similarly, those protective of the Guild and its members also gain renown.

THE MAKI

“The Accursed Walking”

In the year after the seven storms, a plague spread through the Tribes of the Children of Papauku, a strange and incurable flesh-rotting disease of supernatural origin. At a gathering of the priests, the same illness suddenly struck down the high chieftain. In the wake of this tragedy, the mad prophet Aolani Akuto revealed his belief that the chief fell prey to a terrible curse known as Makti. Cast upon the people by the serpent Walutahanga—the gathering disbanded the counsel and fled in fear. Soon after, the sickness began spreading. Leaders felt they had little choice but to banish from their tribes those who became sick. Known as the Maki (or diseased ones) these exiled victims bonded together for survival. In scattered tribes, they search the coasts for the fabled waters of Tapu, a cove partially fed by a sacred spring whose waters the people believe will lift the curse. In the meantime, the Maki walk the wild beaches and bays of the Razor Coast, searching the many sand bars, coral beds, jagged volcanic rocks, lost wrecks sunken beneath the seas, and other unseen water hazards to salvage whatever treasures they can to support themselves.

Ever wandering, the Maki can be encountered anywhere along the coastline, stopping at various locations to camp for a week or two while scavenging. Only on rare occasions do the Maki attempt to enter a boom port or other encampments, and then only to trade salvage for what resources they can. Most colonists remain unaware of their plight and willingly deal with them, while Tulita settlements tend to shun them. Regardless, if given the opportunity, they set up small kiosks and booths in ports such as Port Shaw, where they sell magic items and salvage for basic goods.

Benefits

Members of the Scavengers of the Sea gain the following benefits:

Scavenger: You have a fast eye for picking out valuable objects. On a roll of 1 on d6, you may pick the highest valued item from a group of items (you do not know the value). **Requirement:** Character level 2 +.

Improvised Crafting: You can make functional items from what others consider junk. This includes armor, basic tools, clothing, waveboards, and weapons. Whenever you



Tendril in Recline, Sketch by Guild Explorer Savern Definiset

encounter wreckage or rubbish, you can rummage through it for a number of rounds equal to half the cost in gold pieces of the item you wish to craft, in order to produce enough materials to build the desired item. Any items you craft from junk are considered inferior, but functional. Any weapon or armor crafted as a result imposes a -1 penalty to either Armor Class, attacks, or damage rolls. **Requirement:** Character level 4 +.

THE BROKEN

“Return the Razor Coast to its Rightful People”

In darkness and secrecy, the Tulita whisper of a legendary band of resistance fighters battling to liberate their people from the shackles of foreign oppression. The Broken are folk heroes among most Tulita, but slavers, plantation owners, and their allies brand them as a rabble of bloodthirsty criminals. While the Broken frequently resort to sabotage, arson, and murder to achieve their goals, many Tulita view their violent acts as a necessary means to correct the brutal injustices perpetrated against the Tulita people.

Irrespective of how Port Shaw’s residents perceive The Broken, the upper echelon of Tulita religious hierarchy covertly supports the organization with logistical assistance and sanctuary. Tulita pledged to the old ways share their leaders’ sentiments. The Broken draw inspiration from these spiritual leaders, but it lacks centralized leadership.

The Broken fight against the crimes committed against their people by foreigners, and they strive for a return to the old ways of living in balance with nature. They will not rest until the land returns to the tropical paradise it once was. The organization operates against the laws of Port Shaw but for the betterment of the Tulita. Yet many members of the Broken have felt the stinging lash of zealous overseers, engendering within them a blood thirst, and as a result, for as much good as the Broken may grant to those it helps, many - including innocents - have suffered for their actions.

Benefits

Members of the Broken gain the following benefits:

Uncanny Stealth: A skilled hunter, when tracking your prey you move with absolute silence and purpose. You gain a +1 bonus to hit when attacking from hiding.

Requirement: Character level 3 +.

Revered Brother: Your facial tattoos reveal your affiliations. Whenever you encounter Tulita, you can roll 3d6. If the total is less than your charisma score, you are able to sequester aid either in food, basic equipment, lodging, or transportation of a value equal to 10 gp multiplied by your highest character level. **Requirement:** Character level 7 +.

CHAPTER FIVE

RELIGIONS

OF THE RAZOR COAST

BELIEFS OF THE TULITA

The Tulita believe that their people arose when the fires of the goddess Pele met the cold spray of the sea. Where these sparks struck water at the edge of Papauku (the Maternal Earth) and cooled in great clouds of steam, the first of the Children of Papauku emerged — the Tulita. Beloved of Pele yet ever fearful of her wrath, the Tulita took their canoes upon the surface of the Father Ocean and spread far and wide across the face of the world and its many islands that comprise what is now known as the Razor Sea. However, the sacred waters of Kai Bay, where they believe Pele's fiery wrath first formed their people, has ever remained a holy ground open to only pilgrims and the sanctified shamans of their tribes. That this sacred enclave is now polluted by the presence of foreign invaders and the urban sprawl that is Port Shaw has done much to shake the faith of the Tulita in their old ways and the powers of their gods and goddesses.

Pounua Carvings

Tulita shamans mark their most sacred lands with huge, wooden posts elaborately carved with the designs and faces of revered deities. Known as Pounua Carvings these great posts can be interpreted by shamans to tell a story. They connect the spirit of the people to Pele through Maternal Earth and Father Ocean, and document their spiritual lineage and mutual obligations to both gods and ancestors. Others tell of their legendary past, marking sites of historical significance such as ancient battlegrounds or places where ancient leaders received divine epiphanies.

GODS OF THE RAZOR

The native Tulita have a rich religious history of gods, ancestral heroes, and divine arbiters. Following are the primary deities revered by the Tulita of the Razor Coast and surrounding islands — or at least those who have not converted to the foreign ways of the mainland colonists.



Great Pele, Mother of Fire

Alignment: Neutral

Areas of Influence: Anger, flames, islands, land, lava, lightning, righteous vengeance, storms, volcanoes, wind

Symbol: Smoking volcano

Garb: Traditional Tulita garb with headdress and tiki mask

Favored Weapons: Battle poi

Form of Worship and Holidays: Ritual prayers held before a great bonfire or on special occasions at the rim of an active volcano crater. The use of fire resistant magic is forbidden in these rituals, causing severe burns to many adherents

Typical Worshippers: Tulita, fire giants, menehune, creatures of elemental fire, fire cults

Pele is the mother figure and creator to the Tulita peoples. Said to reside in the volcano of Fiery Heart north of Port Shaw, only the extremely devout or extremely foolish would dare to approach her fuming home. Fiery, furious, and full of wrath it was by her will that the isles of the Razor bubbled up from the oceans, and this activity continues as she brings the smoldering lava from her heart to pierce the cold waters to continually make new islands. Despite her role as the creator of the People, the Tulita do not picture her as a maternal figure but rather as a vengeful matriarch who demands of them purity and devotion lest they face the purifying wrath of her molten anger. She is a ruthless defender of her islands and her children and can be called upon to rain vengeance and fury upon those who would dare to exploit them.

Lakua Mao, The Red Misery

Alignment: Chaotic

Areas of Influence: Combustion, dominance, misery, pain, suffering

Symbol: Draconic eye with a flaming pupil

Garb: Scaled armor, fire-blackened robes, scars from ritual burns

Favored Weapons: Spear

Form of Worship and Holidays: None known, but likely included burning of live sacrifices

Typical Worshippers: Deranged cultists, madmen, arsonists

One of the Atua, Lakua Mao is an ancient deific dragon that lives beyond the sky. In ancient times, she is said to have raged across the world burning and devouring everything in her path. Legends tell how Lakua Mao almost defeated Pele, however she finally extinguished the dragon's fires by throwing her into the ocean. During this battle, some tribes of Tulita were able to imprison several of Lakua Mao's draconic children in magical cauls and inter them in sacred places where they would siphon their magical energy to use it for their own purposes. Now the cults of Lakua Mao are all but extinct as an organized religion. Only

a few madmen and pyromaniacs on the fringes of society seek to venerate her name by destroying in fire the world around them.

THE GREAT TOTEM GODS: THE THREE AND DAJOBAS

According to Tulita legend, during a time known as the Dawn Wars, the first children of the Sky and Earth were born—the totem gods Dolphin, Turtle, Whale, and Shark. When the children of Sky and Earth fought against the Dread Atua, the Shark Totem, Dajobas, betrayed his family and sided with the elder gods after he was promised command over the seas.

At the height of the Dawn Wars, the remaining totems Dolphin, Turtle, and Whale, now called the Three, drove Dajobas into the metaphysical out-of-space, known as “The Deeps” which lies at the beginning of the world.

The Tulita consider every dolphin, turtle, whale and shark as one of their avatars.

Tumatenga, Grandfather Turtle, Old Angry Face

Alignment: Lawful

Areas of Influence: Balance, focus, industriousness, law, longevity, patience, stubbornness

Symbol: Stylized turtle, viewed from above

Garb: Traditional Tulita garb, usually with a tortoise shell shield, amulet, or tattoo to identify with Turtle

Favored Weapons: Net

Form of Worship and Holidays: The nights of the new moon when sea turtles climb the beaches to lay their eggs. Groups of warriors are assigned to protect these laying grounds until the turtles have hatched and crawled safely back to into the waves.

Typical Worshippers: Tulita leaders, warriors

Tumatenga, the great turtle spirit is one of the great totem spirits of the Tulita known as the Three. In the timeless years, Tumatenga was forced to subdue and tame his wilder and less disciplined siblings in order to protect the fledgling race of mankind. By his example, he brought the people law and balance along with the darker aspect of defense, the art of war.

Tohoraha, Whale, The Lore Keeper, The Watcher

Alignment: Neutral

Areas of Influence: Creativity, intuition, energy, history, prudence, the sea, tribes, vigilance

Symbol: Stylized whale with its nose touching its tail

Garb: Traditional Tulita garb and gray sealskin robes with



white headdresses

Favored Weapons: Tewhatewha

Form of Worship and Holidays: Sacrifices of valuable goods made over the deepest parts of the sea. Known as the Running, twice a year when the whale pods pass through the area on their great migrations, worshippers take canoe and seek these travelers out in order to pray to them and ask their blessing. A canoe that is sunk in this sometimes dangerous endeavor is considered to have been ill favored.

Typical Worshippers: Tulita whale riders, totemic tribes, fishermen

The great traveler of the waves, Tohoraha is the Whale, the force that embodies the Deeps and the many secrets they hold. It is said that everything that has ever transpired upon or beneath the waves is known by Tohoraha and is remembered, so Tulita and mainlander sailors alike are known to make small offerings to him in order to propitiate him for any past offenses they may have committed. Even the basest pirate has been known on occasion to pitch a chest of gold or spill the blood of some valuable prisoner overboard to prevent any potential wrath from the Whale. Whalers have the hardest time with this as their very pur-

pose is an affront to Tohoraha, yet more than one whaling vessel has been known to make offerings in hopes of averting his anger nevertheless.

Papahu, Dolphin, The Herald

Alignment: Lawful

Areas of Influence: Compassion, love, freedom, magic, messages, tribal brotherhood

Symbol: Leaping Dolphin

Garb: Traditional Tulita Garb with blue robes

Favored Weapons: Short sword

Form of Worship and Holidays: Every full moon, the followers of Papahu take to their canoes to hunt sharks in honor of their goddess. Each shark jaw taken is dedicated to Dolphin and incorporated into icons and shrines.

Typical Worshippers: Tulita explorers, messengers, arcane spellcasters, fighters of oppression, lovers.

One of the Three, Papahu is precocious and wild. She embodies both love and freedom. She was the first to give the gift of sorcery to the people, teaching them the arts of scrying and how to shapeshift into her form. When Pele learned she had taught mortals how to use magic, she became angered with her. To avoid her wrath, she fled from her Pele and dove into the raging seas.

Dajobas, The Shark God, Devourer of Worlds

Alignment: Chaos

Areas of Influence: Cannibalism, carnage, hunger, the ocean, war, blood, sharks, alligators, swamps, ruin

Symbol: Open shark's jaws

Garb: Blood-stained tatters of whatever was being worn before transforming into werewolf. Scars from the infecting bite are prominently displayed among weresharks.

Favored Weapons: Sharktooth club or punch dagger fashioned out of a large shark's tooth. Once per day you may eat the flesh of a slain foe as a ritual, and recover a spell slot of up to the foe's hit dice in level. You also gain the Chosen of the Shark God Gift of Dajobas.

Form of Worship and Holidays: Blood moon (the full moon when a group victims of newly infected by the Kiss of Dajobas make their first transformation into weresharks). Worship usually takes place in the form of ritual infection of new populations of victims or wanton slaughter and devouring of such populations. There is little organized worship.

Typical Worshippers: Weresharks, sahuagin, sharks, cannibalistic pirates

Cast off by his worshippers, Dajobas was hurled into the black depths of the ocean's deepest rift where the nightwaters flow cold and the only sustenance are cold bloodless things, tube worms, and wretched slimy sacs of spur-like bone. There he wallows, his hunger raging, and dreams

darkly of revenge and slaughter. His bloody dreams streak through sea and mist, cling like barnacles to passing ships, or crawl a-land, spewed out by the sea like venomous humors. These cancerous thoughts, born from Dajobas' rage and hunger sometimes take hold in the hearts of sahuagin warlords, hunting dire sharks, blood-drenched corsairs and vikings, and priests of other sea gods, led astray by the Shark God's promise of terrible power.

THE LOA

The Tulita tribes of the Aizanes Islands far to the east of the Razor Coast have their own religious practices influenced by the generations of Libynos traders that have landed upon their shores. These semi-deific elemental spirits are known as the Loa and are considered to have great influence upon every aspect of their worshippers lives in even the smallest things, so that the Aizanes-Tulita seek to propitiate one or more of the Loa before undertaking most tasks, great or small. The rituals for these undertakings are quite elaborate sometimes and usually involve some sort of fetish or spirit object.

Though each Loa is its own entity, they are all considered part of a greater divine whole, individually something less than a deity but together a complete faith system. As a result, a follower of the Loa may have one that they revere in particular yet makes obeisance and draws any clerical powers from all of them collectively.

Most of the Tulita along the Razor Coast are completely unfamiliar with the Loa, however, as few of the Aizanes-Tulita make the journey that far west across the Razor Sea.

Loa

Alignment: Any

Areas of Influence: Varies

Symbol: Each Loa has its own individual veve as described below

Garb: A mixture of traditional Aizanes-Tulita garb and Libynos robes with an assortment of fetishes worn as jewelry

Favored Weapons: See below

Form of Worship and Holidays: Few and varied formal times for ceremonies, but multiple rituals for different circumstances and occasions.

Typical Worshippers: Aizanes-Tulita, Libynos tribes, traders

Aizan is the Loa with dominion over Water, especially the sea. She is often called the Mistress or Mother of the Sea. Often considered a deity of commerce, her colors are gold, yellow, and white, and her veve is a palm frond. She is regarded as the archetypal Priestess (and her husband Loco is likewise 'the great Priest'). Her Areas of influence are divine luck, magic, ocean travel, trade, and water. Her favored weapon is the pouwhenua.

Damballa, ruler of Air, may be a super-Loa. She is consid-

ered by the Aizanes-Tulita to be the goddess of the sky, and is sometimes called the primordial creator of all life. Her colors are blue and white, and her veve is a pair of serpents. Her Areas of Influence are the chaos, clouds, flight, the sky and the weather. Her favored weapon is the shortbow.

Legba (often "Papa Legba") is the intermediary between the Loa and humanity. The patron Loa of speech and understanding, he is the first and last spirit invoked in any ceremony involving the Loa, as his permission is required. He opens and closes the doorway to the spirit-world. His only color is white, and his veve is either a dog or a crutch (or cane). Papa Legba's Areas of Influence are animals, defense and protection, knowledge, the law, loyalty, resolve, strength and thought. His favored weapon is a quarterstaff.

Oggun, lord of Earth, presides over hunting and metal. Some claim he has dominion over both politics and war. He is the patron Loa of smiths. His colors are brown and green, and his veve is a blade (machete or saber). He is the archetypal Military General (Fighting Man). His Areas of Influence are animals, the earth, leadership, metals, mining, nobility, tactics and war. His favored weapon is a longsword.

Samedi (often "Baron Samedi"), the Loa of Death, is also a spirit of Fire. The most fearsome of all the Loa, his is the realm most closely associated with the Aizanes-Tulita beliefs commonly called *voodoo*, or death-magic. His colors are red and black, and his symbol is a coffin. His 'wife', the Loa "Maman Brigitte," is technically a cohort in his black arts, though more often his servant than partner. His Areas of Influence are darkness, death, fate, fire, the law, loss, luck, repose, souls, and the undead. His favored weapon is the trident.

IMPORTED GODS

Though a deep and complex system of religious beliefs existed on the Razor long before the first mainland explorer set foot there, the newcomers nonetheless brought their own religions and deities with them. Veneration of these mainland deities is primarily found aboard trade ships and in major settlements like Port Shaw, and almost all colonists and traders with any sort of religious beliefs revere these gods (over those of the native cultures). However, more than a few of the Tulita have converted to these religions as well.

Almost any religion found upon Akados or Libynos is represented somewhere upon the Razor, but only those that are extremely commonplace or have been represented within the *Razor Coast* campaign are presented here. Feel free to include additional religions among the colonists that now inhabit the Razor.

Several of the gods and domains presented herein appeared originally in *Bard's Gate* by **Necromancer Games** and are updated here for your convenience.



Quell, The Sea King, Lord of the Blue

Alignment: Lawful

Areas of Influence: Oceans, seas, sailors, maritime exploration and trade, sea ports

Symbol: Sea king seated upon a giant clam shell throne

Garb: Practical shipboard clothing in blues and grays and long coat with a blue collar

Favored Weapons: Harpoon or trident

Form of Worship and Holidays: Equinoxes are special celebrations of the seasons and tides with the sounding of conch shells and the giving of gifts. Daily prayers are held with the changing of the tides.

Typical Worshippers: Explorers, sea traders, sailors, people that rely on the sea for their livelihood

Quell is a god of ancient Hyperborea that has found his way into the pantheon of every culture to occupy Akados since the days of that great empire. He represents the dangers of a life upon the sea and those who brave them either to earn a living or for the sake of adventure. Most major ports have a Chapterhouse of Quell where a sea priest conducts blessings upon the fleets and provides guidance of coming weather patterns. As a god of hearth and home for seafarers, the Chapterhouses of Quell also do charitable work for the poor and destitute of their home cities seeking to ease suffering, feed the poor, and heal the sick. They only charge those who can afford to pay for their services from.

Quell has become the most prevalent god upon the Razor Coast, certainly within Port Shaw, and perhaps supplanting even the veneration of the native gods by the Tulita, such is his influence. Many Tulita that look to the sea for their survival and feel abandoned by their totem gods have turned to the worship of Quell in hopes of capturing some of the prosperity that seems to cling to the mainlander colonists.

Belon the Wise, God of Travel, Wanderer in White

Alignment: Neutral

Areas of Influence: Common sense, magical knowledge, overland journeys, roads, travelers, worldly wisdom

Symbol: Clear quartz crystal or flawless diamond

Garb: Travelers clothes and long white traveling cloaks

Favored Weapons: Quarterstaff

Form of Worship and Holidays: Offerings of silver given at the beginning and end of long journeys.

Typical Worshippers: Rangers, wandering magic-users, those who make their living traveling.

Belon appears to his worshippers as an elderly man wearing flowing white robes and carrying a walking staff. Belon is the embodiment of things learned upon the road, be they magical or mundane knowledge. Priests of Belon often serve as guides, educating themselves in local customs in order to afford better traveling conditions for those in their care.

Bowbe

Alignment: Neutral

Areas of Influence: War, Chaos, Strength, Vengeance

Symbol: Crossed Sword and Hammer of Bowbe

Garb: Furs, skins and pelts over battle armor

Favored Weapons: Two-handed sword, warhammer

Form of Worship and Holidays: Great feasts and blood sacrifice precede battles. After battle, the treasures, arms and armor of defeated foes are offered to the god. Those that he doesn't keep belong to the victors. His priests specialize in wild cursing and imaginative insults.

Typical Worshippers: Barbarians, raiders, reavers and plunderers.

Bowbe is the embodiment of barbarian wrath and frenzy. He appears as a mighty barbarian dressed in the pelt of Urson the Great Bear, whom he can summon to his side by tossing the pelt to the ground and calling its name. Bowbe carries the two-handed sword *Bm'fob* in one hand and warhammer *Wytch-Killer* in the other. Bowbe revels in war and the slaughter of his foes. His battles against giants are legendary, as is his hatred for the undead, magic-users, lawyers, guardsmen, and most other civilized authority figures. Unlike other gods, Bowbe aids only those who take his name in vain. Thus it is not uncommon to hear berserkers cursing their god for his indifference as readily as they curse their foes. Bowbe only grants the raising of one of his followers if that follower immediately seeks blood vengeance against his killers. Bowbe grants no healing spells higher than 4th level.

Kunulo

Alignment: Chaos

Areas of Influence: Chaos, frenzy feeding, oceans, sea creatures, shipwrecks, whirlpools

Symbol: Tentacles wrapped around a gaping maw in the midst of a whirlpool

Garb: Sea-foam green and black vestments

Favored Weapons: Trident

Form of Worship and Holidays: Sacrificial victims are flung into the waves or fed to ravenous sea beasts. Mid-summer and midwinter are Kunulo's most holy days.

Typical Worshippers: Pirates, evil sea creatures

An evil sea deity, Kunulo is largely unknown to surface-dwellers. Usually depicted as a combination of sea serpent, shark, and squid, Kunulo is the embodiment of pure, alien evil, combining the ruthless law of nature and the cruel chaos of the sea. As such he is revered by evil pirates who feed his minions victims that are bound and thrown, still alive, into the sea.

Pekko, God of Ale and Spirits

Alignment: Neutral

Areas of Influence: Ale, brewing, camaraderie, harvest festivals, spirits, travel

Symbol: Beer barrel suspended from a pole

Garb: Brewer's apron

Favored Weapons: Quarterstaff

Form of Worship and Holidays: Harvest Festival, Feast of Fools, Brewer's Fest

Typical Worshippers: Most often revered by halflings, dwarves, and humans

Pekko takes many guises among his worshippers, often appearing as a gnome, human, or dwarf of portly girth, wearing a leather apron and carrying a beaker for measuring and sampling ale. In all guises he carries a staff in one hand and a barrel of ale over his shoulder. Pekko may be boisterous and emotional, laughing one minute or brooding and tearful the next, but always quick to recover and share his good mood once again.

Vanitthu, God of the Steadfast Guard

Alignment: Neutral

Areas of Influence: Law, Protection, War, Healing

Symbol: A gray shield emblazoned with a stylized black fortress tower

Garb: A gray tabard with a black tower sigil

Favored Weapons: Spear

Form of Worship and Holidays: Prayers are often said to Vanitthu at the start of sieges or by guardsmen prior to heading out on the beat.

Typical Worshippers: Barristers, judges, guards, professional soldiers, military officers and nobles.

Some claim that Vanitthu is the son of the great god Anumon; others go so far as to say that Vanitthu is yet another aspect of the great god (this schism has caused considerable conflict within the faith). In either case, Vanitthu is the embodiment of martial perfection, law, the strength of the state, and the punishment of the guilty. A grim and resolute deity, Vanitthu is always shown bearing a spear made of lightning, and a polished mithral shield. He often appears to his followers on the field of battle, especially to those engaged in or defending against sieges.

CHAPTER SIX

EQUIPMENT

ARMOR

Armor	Effect on AC	Weight	Cost
Armored Coat	-1[+1]	20 lbs	50 gp
Parade Armor	-3[+3]	20 lbs	25 gp
Sharkhide Suit	-4[+4]	25 lbs	75 gp
Sharkhide Shirt	-2[+2]	18 lbs	50 gp
Tulita Leaf Suit	-2[+2]	20 lbs	500 gp
Wooden Armor	-3[+3]	25 Lbs	20 gp
Body Shield	-2[+2]	45 lbs	30 gp

Armored Coat

This leather coat is often worn over parade armor by officers within the navy, along with pirate captains and others seeking more protection from weapons but wish to quickly escape the armor if washed overboard.

The coat can be donned or removed in a single round. If worn over other armor, add both the Armor Class bonuses to get the AC total. If wearing magical armor and a magical armored coat, only the coat's magic effects apply. An armored coat can be worn with any armor up to ring armor.

Body Shield

This thin shield is the length of a person or more.

Special: An additional function, when placed into the water it acts like a long board.

Parade Armor

The parade armor is more appropriate for uniformed sailors, fancy pirate outfits, and other more distinguished individuals. While wearing the parade armor, it is much easier to influence a person from that organization.

Sharkhide Shirt and Sharkhide Armor

These two sets of armor are both made from layers of sharkskin. Because of the hide used in making it, whenever the wearer is struck with a natural weapon, the attacker takes 1 point of damage.

The sharkhide shirt covers the torso, upper arms, and neck. The sharkhide suit covers the torso, upper arms, neck, and upper legs.

Tulita Leaf Armor

The Tulita adapted the elven techniques for treating leaves to make armor for themselves. Leaf armor is always high quality and has the same game statistics as leather.

Wooden Armor

The Tulita treat wood plates and attach them to a leather suit, to make water safe armor that is more resistant than leather alone. The armor is buoyant and does not hamper swimming.

WEAPONS

Missile Weapons	Damage	Rate of Fire	Range	Weight	Cost
Net	— ¹	1	10 ft.	20	3 gp
Harpoon	1d6	1	10 ft.	20 ³	5 gp
Helicasta Spear	1d6	1	5 ft.	10	— ²
Highway Pistol	see chart	see chart	5 ft.	3	2,350 gp
Urchin, Throwing	1d4	2	10 ft.	1	10 gp

¹Entangled (–2 to hit and damage, –2 to saving throws, one quarter movement)

²Usually pried from the cold, dead hands of the sahuagin; on the open market, 50 gp.

³Includes 50ft of hemp rope

Melee Weapons	Damage	Weight (lbs.)	Cost
Adze	1d6	2	1 sp
Battle Poi	1d4 fire	2	5 gp
Belaying Pin	1d4	3	—
Bracers, Coral	1d6	2	30 gp
Conch Gauntlet	1d4	1	20 gp
Club, Sharktooth	1d6	3	5 sp
Cutless	1d6	5	8 gp
Dagger, Cup-Hilt	1d4	1	50 gp
Dagger, Swept-Hilt	1d4	1	40 gp
Docker's Hook	1d6	2	6 gp
Helicasta Spear	1d6	10	50 gp
Hook Hand	1d3	1	10 gp
Ieku (War Oar)	1d8	10	15 gp
Island Hook	1d8	10	30 gp
Pouwhenua (short spear)	1d4	6	—
Pouwhenua (quarterstaff)	1d6	6	—
Rapier, Case of	1d6-1 (x2)	10	250 gp
Rapier, Cup-Hilt	1d6	5	75 gp
Rapier, Swept-Hilt	1d6	5	50 gp
Spined Sea Whip	1d4	1	25 gp
Tewhatewha	1d6	8	25 gp
Urchined Spine Bracers	1d6	2	50 gp

Adze

This small axe-like tool consists of a wide blade or stone or shell, set into hefty wooden shaft. It is usually used to carve wood sculptures or boats, however it can be effectively wielded in combat. It is quite fragile, and on an attack roll of 1 on d20, it shatters.

Battle Poi

Poi is the performance art of dancing with weighted chains. The battle poi is an adaption of the Tulita, whereby the chain's weighted ends are whale oil-soaked torch heads.

Igniting the weights takes 1 round, weights burn for 2d6 rounds before the oil burns out. The flames burn with the brightness of a torch and similarly, can be used to ignite flammable objects. Extinguishing the flames requires 1 round.

Belaying Pin

Used on most sailing ships, belaying pins are readily available weapons for self-defense as well as for dispensing disciplinary measures. A belaying pin functions as a club.

Conch Gauntlet

These gauntlets are fashioned from hard conch shells whose back are studded with sharp ridges. They inflict 1d4 damage and on a 19 or 20 the gauntlet has a 30% chance of smashing to shards (after they inflict damage).

Coral Bracers

These bracers made of jagged coral strapped to tanned whale hide are wrapped around the wielder's forearm. Anyone trained in their use gains a +1 bonus to their AC while they are equipped. The coral bracers can be used as a primary weapon inflicting 1d4 points of damage.

Cutlass

One of the premier weapons of the Razor Coast, A cutlass is a short, broad sabre or slashing sword, with a straight or slightly curved blade sharpened on the cutting

edge, and a hilt often featuring a solid cupped or basket shaped guard.

Dagger, Cup-Hilt

Sometimes called a main-gauche, this dagger actually has a large triangular hand-guard and quillons. When using a cup hilt dagger and fighting defensively (taking a penalty of -2 to your attack), you gain an additional +1 to AC. This bonus is in addition to the bonus for using a cup-hilt rapier. See Cup-Hilt Fighting sidebox for more details.

CUP-HILT FIGHTING

According to the rules in *Swords & Wizardry Complete*, fighting with a weapon in each hand normally gives a +1 to hit, in rounds in which the attacker wins initiative. This can be a bit complicated with the bonuses and penalties with cup-hilt weapons. Never fear!

If an attacker uses a cup-hilt dagger and a cup-hilt rapier at the same time, and fights defensively (taking a penalty of -3 to your attack), the attacker gains a +2 to Armor Class, in rounds in which he wins initiative. The intent to fight defensively must be declared before the initiative roll, just as spell declaration. If he does not win initiative, he still takes the -3 penalty to hit for that round. While it is a steep price to pay, frequently in age of sails campaigning, it is more important not to be hit, than to hit. Again, these are only suggestions; I personally prefer the highway pistol to the dagger & rapier!

—Skeeter

Dagger, Swept-Hilt

The swept-hilt dagger has a complex guard made up of heavy wire forming a swirl-patterned basket, designed to entrap an opponent's blade. When using a swept hilt dagger you receive a +1 bonus on attempts to bind (see Binding, in the *Art of the Duel* indulgence) an enemy wielding a one-handed sword, rapier, or similar bladed weapon.

Docker's Hook

These common instruments used by dockhands to help load and unload cargo are shaped like a fishhook attached to a perpendicular handle.

Harpoon

A harpoon is a barbed spear with an attached rope 50 feet or less in length.

Highway Pistol

Smaller and lighter than a normal pistol, the highway pistol trades concealment for more limited range.

Special: The damage dealt by a highway pistol decreases by 1d4 for every range increment after the first, to a minimum of 1d4-1. Normal range increment penalties also apply.

	5 Feet Dmg	10 Feet Dmg	15 Feet Dmg	20 Feet Dmg
Highway Pistol	3d4	2d4	1d4	1d4-1

Size: Normally, without a holster, you can only carry four pistols at one time: one in each hand and two through your belt. A highway pistol is smaller and lighter, allowing you to fit three through your belt.

Concealment: Normally, pistols are too large to conceal. Not so with a highway pistol. A concealed highway pistol is only noticed on a roll of 1 on d6.

Hook Hand

Those who lose a hand and have no recourse to magical healing may resort to using a hook.

Hook hands generally do not interfere with routine activities but you cannot use another weapon two-handed if you have a hook hand attached. You cannot use any type of weapon if both your hands are hook hands, and you may have trouble with routine activities. It takes 1 minute to attach or detach a hook hand.

Ieku (War Oar)

Adapted from the oars used with their canoes, the Tulita adapted this weapon for self-defense against mainland foes. This six-foot oar has a hardened paddle, sharpened for use as a bladed polearm.

Net

Anglers most often use nets, but desperate or skilled individuals use nets in combat to entangle their enemies. This has become a popular weapon of bounty hunters and slavers. A target caught in a net is entangled (-2 to hit and damage, -2 to saving throws, one quarter movement).

Pouwhenua (Carved Staffs)

These fighting staffs are elaborately carved and decorated with images of family ancestors, spirits, animals, and scenes from nature. They possess a broad head for potent impact when striking. Pouwhenua are fighting staffs that are long-handled with a club-like broad head for striking on one end and a sharpened point on the other. This weapon can be used in two ways; one end acting like a quarterstaff and the other as a spear. A plain pouwhenua is free to acquire, but an elaborately carved staff costs a minimum of 100 gp.

Rapiers, Case of

These twin rapiers are designed to fit in elegantly in one sheath and be drawn and wielded in concert. They are lighter than standard rapiers and less sturdy, suffering -1 to damage, but grants the wielder +1 to hit (in rounds where the attacker wins initiative; see *Swords and Wizardry Complete*, “Specific Situations,” for more information).

Rapiers, Cup-Hilt

The cup-hilt rapier has quillons as well as a large bell-shaped guard over the hand. This guard can be used defensively in combat. When using a cup-hilt rapier and fighting defensively (taking a penalty of -2 to your attack), you gain an additional +1 to AC. This bonus is in addition to the bonus for using a cup-hilt dagger. See Cup-Hilt Fighting sidebar for more details.

Rapiers, Swept-Hilt

The swept-hilt rapier has a complex guard made up of heavy wire forming a swirl-patterned basket. These wires are neither simply decorative nor just protection for the hand. They are specifically designed to entrap an opponent’s blade. When using a swept-hilt rapier, you receive a +1 bonus on attempts to bind (see Binding, in the *Art of the Duel* indulgence) an enemy wielding a one-handed sword, rapier, or similar bladed weapon.

Sharkstooth Club

These clubs, also called leiomano by the Tulita, are usually made of koa wood, which is incredibly sturdy but lightweight. The sides of the club are then studded in ridges or rows of sharks’ teeth. Sometimes weapon-makers insert a dagger into the hilt of the club.

Spine Sea Whip

This whip fashioned from a stingray’s tail is then studded with spines. This whip is made of incredibly tough sinew and inflicts 1d6 points of damage affecting even armored opponents.

Tewhatewha

This weapon is favored by many Tulita warriors. Entirely carved from one solid piece of wood, one end resembles a fat flattened axe-shaped blade about half a foot wide. The head rests atop a five-foot shaft that tapers into a sharpened point. From a cord tied through holes in the bottom of the axe-head dangle brightly colored feathers used to distract opponents. Sometimes designs are carved into the wide flat portion of the head. While the weapon looks like an axe, it is instead wielded making forward strikes and counter attack slashes.

Throwing Urchins

The carcasses of dozens of sea urchins wash up in Kai bay daily, most are smashed to bits of dried detritus, but some are left mostly undamaged by the tides. These whole urchins are coated in koa resin and left to bake in the sun for days. The spines of one of these urchins splinter in the flesh of a foe causing terrible pain as they shred flesh and meat. Anyone struck with a throwing urchin suffers a -1 penalty to attacks and saves until someone painstakingly removes the shards (which takes one minute), or the application of curative magic. This penalty increases from multiple urchin spine wounds, but never exceeds -4.

Urchin Spine Bracers

These bracers are identical to coral bracers except they are also studded with dozens of urchin spines as well. The spines of one of these urchins splinter in the flesh of a foe causing terrible pain as they shred flesh and meat. Anyone struck with the bracers suffers a -1 penalty to attacks and saves until someone painstakingly removes the shards (which takes one minute) or curative magic is applied. This penalty increases from multiple urchin spine wounds, but never exceeds -4.

OTHER EQUIPMENT

Common Equipment on the Coast

On the docks as well as throughout Port Shaw, characters may purchase numerous products from overseas: exotic fruits and vegetables, strange alcoholic spirits from island kingdoms thousands of leagues away, the latest fashions from the East and West, supplies for whaling, fishing and any other nautical pursuits, and any daily amenities.

In addition to all the equipment found in the *Swords and Wizardry Complete* rulebook, dockside chandlers also sell the following items:

Ambergris

This valuable substance, harvested from the intestines of sperm whales, is used to make perfumes. It is very rare and difficult to obtain, and a gallon usually runs at least 30 gp.

Baleen

The comb-like filters located in the mouths of baleen whales, once cut into strips, make hoop skirts, umbrellas and combs. The going price is 10 gp per foot.

Cigars

Locally produced Tulita cigars are priced at 1 gp per cigar. High quality imported Montrose cigars are valued less at 5 sp each. The cheapest and often only option for most sailors and whalers is the poorly made Jeagervilles, priced at a bargain 2 cp each. Tobacco plantations inland from Port Shaw, many owned by Barrison Hargrove, produce most of these cigars.

Fine Tea Leaves

Green (1 gp per ounce), black (5 sp per ounce), chrysanthemum (4 gp per ounce), and Heaven's Leaf (10 gp per ounce) are all available.

Ice

Freshly chipped from the bergs, this ice can be purchased for 2 gp per round.

Kava Root Extract

This pulped root is a potent muscle relaxant used by the Tulita in religious rites and for recreation. It costs 3 sp per ounce. Anyone who ingests kava takes 1d6 points of subdual damage (save for half damage); however, it also acts to *neutralize poison* (as per the spell).

Sextant

This item is a necessity on board any vessel and used to determine course and heading when no land is in sight. Any sailing check made at sea by a character without a sextant takes a -1 modifier. A masterwork sextant gives any character a +2 to their check. A sextant costs 35 gp, a truly excellent specimen costs 150 gp.

Sperm Oil

Burning hotter than whale oil (see below), sperm oil is often used to work metals. It also makes a very effective lubricant for anything with moving parts and can be applied to swords, firearms and metal tools to protect them from rusting in the Razor Coast's balmy environment. Sperm oil costs 10 gp per gallon.

Tar

A bargain at 3 sp per gallon, tar is a commodity to any shipwright or captain. The black greasy substance is applied to hulls, planks and masts to protect them from the salt water and blistering sun.

Whale Oil

Used to light lamps and lanterns, the need for this substance is what fuels the aggressive whaling trade of the region. Whale oil is 5 gp per gallon, and each gallon yields five flasks.

ILLICIT ITEMS

In the lawless lands of the Razor flows a steady stream of illicit contraband. Profitable substances such as drugs and poisons are all readily available and freely traded. In addition to those listed in the Pathfinder Core Rulebook, the Razor Coast boasts number of other substances not found elsewhere in the world.

Drugs

While the Razor Coast is well known for the hallucinogenic leaves that grow on the Isle of Maht, there exist a few other, lesser-known drugs.

DRAGONSMOKE

Price: 25 gp

Effects: Delusions lasting for 1 hour

DESCRIPTION

Dragon Smoke alters the user's thoughts and perception of reality, causing disorientation and hallucinations accompanied by intense euphoria and a pervasive sense of well-being. While affected, the character suffers from confusion (as per the spell of the same name; save avoids).

Sarpa Heads

Price: 90 gp

Effects: Delusions lasting for several hours

DESCRIPTION

When eaten, the head of a sarpa fish triggers intensely vivid delusions which users describe as being able to see into another world or parallel reality. While many describe the effects as pleasurable, some take a darker course in which the individual suffers from horrid and terrifying visions. Tulita shamans have been known boil down the heads into a broth which they use as a medicine. The effects of the broth are far more mild, and last only for a few hours.

UNGICHI OYSTER

Price: 125 gp

Effects: Enhanced stamina

DESCRIPTION

Ungichi oysters were traditionally consumed by tulita deep water spear fishermen to help them hold their breath on long dives. Their popularity has since spread to colonists, largely through whores who tout it to their patrons as an aphrodisiac.

A serving of ungichi oysters allows the ingester to hold their breath for twice as long as normal for 1 hour. After the effects wear off, the ingester usually falls ill (save at -4), suffering a -2 to all dice rolls for 2 hours.

NEW SHIPS

LONG BOARD

The longboard is primarily a single finned wooden plank shaped with a large rounded nose and length of 9ft or more and weighing as much as 150 pounds. Occasionally, additional fins are added to the bottom, to increase speed and turning capabilities. A rider must paddle with either their arms, or rarely may stand on the board upright and row with a longboard oar (or paddle).

OUTRIGGER CANOE

The outrigger is a type of canoe featuring one or more lateral support floats which are fastened to one or both sides of the main hull. Smaller canoes often employ a single outrigger on the port side, while larger canoes may employ a single- or double-outrigger. Using an outrigger greatly increases the stability of the canoe. Compared to other types of more common canoes, outrigger canoes are faster and more durable in rougher water. Outrigger canoes can have a length of 10ft or more, and vary in width from 2 ft to 5 ft.

WAR CANOE

The war canoe is a larger, sturdier version of the standard outrigger canoe, usually sporting double outriggers for stability while engaged in combat.

Sample Ships

For those enterprising souls who wish to make their own way as merchant captains, sailors, freebooters, smugglers, or even as feared pirates; their first stop is the docks to enquire about a ship. The following ships are available for sale on the docks to any who possess the coin.

Baron of the Tide

This sleek darkwood freighter once belonged to the infamous smuggler Baron Desmond Shade. After his capture on the high seas through the joint efforts of

Bonedeuces Pride and the *Albatross* – followed by Shade's summary execution – the Dragoons now own the *Baron of the Tide*. Gregory Bonedeuce seeks to sell the ship in order to fill the Dragoons' coffers. The *Baron* handles extremely well and is faster than any other ship on the Razor save the *Quell's Whore*; however, the vessel lacks both armament and the endurance to withstand cannon or tentacle.

Cost 9,550 gp.

Black Rider

Among the more infamous ships to sail the Razor in recent years, the *Black Rider* was a slaver, responsible for over three decades of misery ferrying unfortunate captives to Carcass. The docks and taverns buzz with the tale of how Bethany Razor, Captain of *Quell's Whore*, boarded the *Black Rider* last month, slew the crew and liberated the captives. Bethany and her crew steered the slave ship back to Port Shaw, and now Captain Razor looks to sell it.

Black Rider is very durable but also slow. Her helm was designed for the flea-bitten orcs who piloted her, and only someone of considerable strength can steer her. The *Black Rider* mounts no cannon, but her former owners outfitted the ship with two large ballistae. Bethany's asking price is not high, and she feels obligated to warn any prospective purchaser that, with the capture of the *Black Rider* being so recent, many captains remain unaware she changed hands.

Until the *Black Rider's* capture, even the Dragoons held standing orders to fire upon and board the vessel on sight. Thus, Dragoon frigates returning from long-range patrols likely have yet to receive news of the *Rider's* capture, and trouble might ensue.

On the other hand, the ship's nefarious reputation may prove useful if the future owner plans to enter pirate waters. Other raiders usually give the *Black Rider* a wide berth, and are unlikely to question the intentions of anyone aboard her.

Cost 10,500 gp

Once owned by Harok McFarrows, he named this simple and sturdy fishing sloop after his late wife. Harok's cousin Relgin is auctioning the *Rita* because Harok awaits the gallows and Relgin is no seaman. Rumors of a curse on Harok and his family make the ship a difficult sell, and Relgin recently lowered his asking price to a pittance.

Cost 1,500 gp

	Ship Rowing Speed	Wind Directly Behind	Wind Indirectly Behind	Wind Directly Ahead	Wind Indirectly Ahead	Hexes Between Course Adjustments	Cost
Long Board	1/6/12	+1	No effect	-1	No Effect	0	50 gp
Outrigger Canoe	2/12/18	+1	No Effect	-1	No Effect	0	450 gp
War Canoe	3/15/24	+1	No Effect	-1	No Effect	0	2,250 gp

Salvation

A large cog freighter, the *Salvation* once carried grain, flour and vegetables to far-off colonies. She is seaworthy and very sturdy. Never a ship to carry valuable cargoes, no one ever bothered to outfit the *Salvation* with cannons.

Cost 12,000 gp

Thunderstrike

This three-masted warship saw recent action in a campaign against the Pirate Confederacy far to the Razor's east. Unable to afford repairs, her captain, Tomas Garell – himself a pirate badly wounded in the fighting – seeks to sell his ship and put the grim memories of sea battles behind him. The *Thunderstrike* is a fine warship, outfitted with four sixers (cannons firing 6-pound balls), two on each side, and a long nine (a cannon firing a 9-pound ball) at her prow. If properly repaired, the *Thunderstrike* proves formidable against other warships, even if technically outclassed by Dragoon frigates. However, *Thunderstrike* lost a great deal of rigging in her last engagement, and this reduces her speed. Until someone pays a drydock to repair her damage, *Thunderstrike's* helm answers awkwardly. With this detriment in mind, Tomas Garell is selling her for a reduced price.

Cost 11,200 gp

CHAPTER SEVEN

SPELLS

BUOYANCY

Spell Level: Magic-User, 2nd Level

Range: 120 feet

Duration: 1 round/level

This spell makes the receiving creature more or less buoyant in water, as the caster directs. The caster can move the recipient up to the surface by 20 feet per round, make it neutrally buoyant, or sink it by 40 feet per round. The spell provides no protection against the bends or against the cold of the depths, and can be used offensively to sink foes into the oceanic abyss. An unwilling target is allowed a saving throw to negate the effect. Even if the saving throw fails, the victim can use its own movement to partially counteract the rising or falling movement of the spell.

DEEP DIVE

Spell Level: Magic-User, 4th Level

Range: Touch

Duration: 1 hour/level

This spell grants the target creature's immunity to the effects of deep water, including immunity to all normal cold. Moreover, it grants darkvision to 120 feet and immunity to the bends and surfacing effects.

FREEDOM OF MOVEMENT

Spell Level: Cleric, 4th Level

Range: Touch

Duration: 10 minutes/level

This spell enables you or a creature you touch to move and attack normally for the duration of the spell, even under the influence of magic that usually impedes movement, such as paralysis, *slow*, and *web*. The subject automatically escapes

a grapple or any creature with the grab special ability.

The spell also allows the subject to move and attack normally while underwater, even with slashing weapons such as axes and swords or with bludgeoning weapons such as flails, hammers, and maces, provided that the weapon is wielded in the hand rather than hurled. The *freedom of movement* spell does not, however, grant water breathing.

PRIMAL WARRIOR

Spell Level: Druid, 4th Level

Range: Touch (personal)

Duration: 1 round/level

A feral gleam fills your eyes when you cast this spell as primal instinct guides your actions. While under the influence of this spell, you cannot take any action requiring higher thought, such as casting spells or using magic items with command words. You may attack as a fighter of the same level as your own, with all the fighter class benefits.

RAIN OF PUMICE

Spell Level: Druid, 3rd Level; Magic-User, 3rd Level

Range: 240 feet

Duration: 1 round/level

Magical glass and porous stones, spit from a volcano's heart, rain down upon casting this spell, dealing 2d6 points of damage to every creature in the area. This damage only occurs once, when the spell is cast. The pumice liquefies upon contact with the ground and becomes a sticky morass of fast-drying concrete. Any creature in the area that does not move during its turn must make a saving throw or they are stuck to the concrete. Creatures trapped in this manner cannot move and take a -2 penalty on attack rolls and a -4 penalty to their dexterity. Creatures that are larger than man-sized or flying cannot be stuck to the concrete.

Creatures stuck to concrete can break free by making an Open Doors check or by dealing 15 points of damage to the concrete with a blunt weapon. Creatures striking at the concrete do not need to make an attack roll. Hitting the concrete is automatic, after which the creature that hit makes a damage roll to see how much damage he dealt to the concrete. The concrete dissolves into water when the spell expires, and all stuck creatures are freed.

ROGUE WAVE

Spell Level: Druid, 2nd Level; Magic-User, 3rd Level

Range: 120 feet

Duration: 1 round/level

You create a wave of water that travels in a direction designated by you. The wave continues moving in that direction until it reaches its maximum range at which time the wave suddenly dissipates. Living creatures struck by the wave are allowed a save or be knocked flat. The wave cannot capsize a boat or ship; however all creatures aboard the vessel are also required to make a saving throw or be thrown flat. Creatures adjacent to a solid object, such as a railing or a mast, gain a +2 bonus to their save. Creatures that are thrown flat in vulnerable locations, such as atop a crow's nest or along the ship's outer railing, are thrown overboard or hurtled to the ship's deck unless they make another save.

SECOND SIGHT

Spell Level: Cleric, 1st Level; Magic-User, 1st Level

Range: Touch (personal)

Duration: 10 minutes/level or until discharged

The subject glimpses the outcome of future events. The subject may reroll an initiative check that he just made. The subject must take the results of the second roll, even if it is worse. The subject can reroll an additional initiative check for every six levels you have (maximum 4 checks at 18th level). The spell ends when the subject can no longer reroll an initiative check. If the subject benefits from this spell more than once per day, the subject suffers a cumulative -1 penalty on all initiative checks, including the second one, for each successive casting beyond the first.

SPIRITUAL INTERVENTION

Spell Level: Cleric, 1st Level

Range: Touch

Duration: 1 minute/level

You call upon ancient spirits to alert the subject to danger on the battlefield. Whenever an enemy makes an attack against the subject, the subject gains a +2 bonus to Armor Class against the next attack. The initial attack does not have to hit to trigger the spell.

TABOO

Spell Level: Magic-User, 4th Level

Range: 30 feet

Duration: 1 round/level

You implant a false memory in the subject's mind. The subject believes that he committed an unspeakable act beyond forgiveness. For the duration of the spell, the subject fixates on the act and its consequences. The subject's reaction depends upon the false memory chosen. You can implant one of the following transgressions into the subject's mind.

Cannibalism: The subject believes that he ate another member of his race or species. The subject becomes nauseated, and all attacks and saving throws are made at -2.

Incest: The subject believes that he had an intimate relationship with a family member. The subject becomes *confused*, as the spell.

Kin Slayer: The subject believes that he killed a family member. The subject becomes frightened, and cannot make any attacks.

The spell has no effect if the implanted memory is an accepted practice within the subject's culture. At the Referee's discretion, you may implant other false memories with similar effects.

WALL OF CORAL

Spell Level: Druid, 4th Level

Range: 120 feet

Duration: Permanent

This spell creates a reef-like barrier of tightly packed, jagged coral. The wall must rest upon a firm foundation. Any creature forced against a *wall of coral* takes slashing damage equal to 25 minus the creature's Armor Class (no dexterity adjustment). Any creature making deliberate physical contact with the wall must make a saving throw to avoid taking slashing damage from the wall. Any creature who takes damage from the wall must also make a save or contract reef rash, losing 2 points of charisma for 1d6 days.

A *wall of coral* is 1ft thick per four caster levels and composed of up to one 5ft square per level. You can double the wall's area by halving its thickness. The wall cannot be conjured so that it occupies the same space as a creature or another object.

It is possible, but difficult, to trap mobile opponents within or under a *wall of coral*, provided the wall is shaped so it can hold the creatures. Creatures can avoid entrapment with a successful saving throw.

WATERTIGHT

Spell Level: Druid, 2nd Level; Magic-User, 2nd Level

Range: 60 feet

Duration: 1 hour/level

You create an invisible seal that prevents water from passing through it. The seal must be anchored to two or more solid and diametrically opposed points and be large enough to completely fill the breach, otherwise the seal collapses upon itself and water pours into the opening. Living creatures, including water elementals, objects and other liquids pass freely through the seal as if moving through air. Magical water, such as holy water, also moves through the seal without impediment.

CHAPTER EIGHT

MAGIC ITEMS

MAGICAL EQUIPMENT AND WEAPONS

CONTORTIONIST NECKLACE

This ivory-colored necklace is made from shark vertebrae. The necklace functions only on living, humanoid creatures. The necklace alters the wearer's physiology, making his spine suppler without compromising its structural strength. The wearer gains a +5 bonus on any saving throw to make jumps or soften a fall. He also takes damage as if the fall were 20 feet shorter than it actually is.

FISHHOOK OF THE HUNTER

This necklace is woven from tough fibrous cord tied to an ancient Tulita fishhook carved from whale bone. The fishhook grants the wearer a +1 bonus to saves and once a day he can summon a **large shark** or **1d3 giant crocodiles**. If the bearer enters a body of water, the fish hook attracts sea creatures nearby equaling the wearers Hit Dice. The sea creatures are friendly and do the wearer's bidding.

Large Shark (8HD): HD 8; HP 51; AC 6[13]; Atk bite (1d8+4); Move 0 (swim 24); Save 8; AL N; CL/XP 8/800; **Special:** feeding frenzy.

Giant Crocodile: HD 6; HP 30; AC 3[16]; Atk bite (3d6), tail (1d6); Move 9 (swim 12); Save 11; AL N; CL/XP 6/400; **Special:** none.

HARPOON BAG

This oversized, flexible bag is crafted from a kraken's swim bladder or a whale's bladder. The leathery material stretches over a bone frame, which gives the item its rectangular shape and structural support. The bag holds up to five harpoons, but it weighs the same no matter what's

inside of it. Harpoons must spend 24 hours in the bag to benefit from its magical properties.

Harpoons attuned to the bag remain tethered to it by a nearly invisible strand of silk, which is 60ft long and as strong as steel. However, the silk tether is flammable and severs immediately upon exposure to an open flame. The harpoon's lighter weight doubles the weapon's range increment to that of a normal spear, 20 feet. Second, the silk tether allows the harpoon's wielder to keep both hands free and maintain a link with the harpoon. Tethered harpoons retain their magical properties until the silk tether is severed. Once severed, the harpoon must remain in the bag for 24 hours to regain its magical properties.

LEI OF CHARMING

This necklace is made of pink, cottage roses. The colorful garland continually grants the wearer a +1 bonus to their charisma as long as it is worn. The garland attunes itself to the wearer after 24 hours of usage, which then allows the wearer to pacify an unwilling target by placing the garland around its neck. A normal to-hit roll allows the wearer to slip the lei around the neck of an unaware target, otherwise, the wearer must initiate a grapple attack with the target and successfully pin him to place the lei around its neck. Once the lei is around its neck, the target must make a saving throw or fall under the influence of the lei's owner, as if affected by a *charm monster* spell. If the target succeeds on his saving throw, it is immune to the lei's effects for 24 hours.

OBSIDIAN GRENADE

This jagged, ovoid-shaped rock resembles an ordinary lump of coal in both size and appearance. An obsidian grenade can be thrown up to 30ft with no range penalties. Upon impacting a hard surface, the grenade shatters into a burst of razor sharp projectiles that deal 3d6 points of damage to all creatures within a 10ft radius. After impact, obsidian shards litter the ground in the affected area. The shards act as caltrops.

PYROCLASTIC STONE

This small, gray stone of igneous rock polished into a fine sheen can be thrown up to 60ft. When the stone reaches the end of its trajectory, it explodes in a cloud of scalding ash and flame. The detonation deals 3d6 points of fire damage to all creatures within a 10ft radius (save for half), and releases a fine cloud of ash within the affected area. The cloud is stationary and obscures all sight, including darkvision, beyond 5ft. Attacks on creatures in the cloud have a 20% miss chance. The cloud makes breathing and speaking difficult. Spell casters within the cloud have a 20% chance of spell failure when casting spells.

A moderate wind (11+ mph) moves the cloud of ash 5ft per round. A strong wind (21+ mph) moves the cloud of ash 10ft per round. Wind does not disperse the cloud of ash. The ash cloud settles to the ground 2d4 rounds after detonation, thus dissipating it.

SCRIMSHAW CAMEO

This cameo is carved from scrimshaw, and it is covered with intricate carvings depicting images of a whale, turtle, and dolphin. It affixes to a braided, fibrous cord worn around the neck. Once per day, the cameo grants its owner the ability to use each of the following abilities:

Whale: The cameo allows the creature to enlarge itself, growing to twice normal size, and increasing in strength as if under the effects of a *strength* spell. This ability remains in effect for ten minutes.

Turtle: The creature's skin hardens granting it a -2[+2] bonus to Armor Class for one hour.

Dolphin: The image allows the creature to hold its breath for an hour before it risks drowning.

SHARKWARD TALISMAN

This talisman gives off no magical aura if *detect magic* is cast upon it unless it is within 60 ft. of a living shark. It appears to be nothing more than a necklace of sharks' teeth. When a shark draws near, the talisman's potent magic activates, granting the wearer a +4 armor class bonus and allows the wearer to sense creatures in the water out to 60ft.

SNAPPING JAW

This weapon is either made from a leathery preserved baby gator head or a pried-open shark's jaw filled with two rows of razor teeth. When activated, the user designates a target within 60 feet, and the snapping jaw flies unerringly at them, viciously biting every round on the user's turn. The jaw attacks on the same attack table as the character's class and level. The jaw deals 1d6 points of damage plus any Strength modifier and distracts its target, penalizing them -2 on attacks and saves for as long as it harries them. The user need not be holding the jaw to activate it. As long as

the user is within 30 feet of the jaw, he can command it. The jaw can only be used for 10 rounds per day.

SUGARCANE QUARTERSTAFF

Early slavers used this +1 *quarterstaff* to beat rebellious slaves into submission thus earning its moniker as the "slaver's stick." As a symbolic gesture, Tultitas crafted their modified version from the hardened stalk of a sugarcane plant. The weapon allows the wielder to use a *charm monster* effect (as the spell) upon a creature knocked into unconsciousness by the quarterstaff once per day. The wielder can decide to use the power after the creature becomes unconscious, but the *charm monster* effect functions only if the quarterstaff dealt subdual damage in the same round that the creature became unconscious.

TAHUNGA SPIRIT FETCHER

This is a small, ornately carved humanoid statue is crafted from stone or wood. It acts as a receptacle for a powerful, ancestral spirit that bestows its insight and power upon its possessor. The fetcher grants a continual -1[+1] bonus to Armor Class and a +1 bonus to attack rolls made against humanoids. The fetcher also allows its owner to roll two dice when he makes an attack roll or saving throw and combine the results into one result. A natural 1 on either die results in a miss, while a natural 20 on either die results in a hit. A natural 20 supersedes a natural 1, if the owner rolls both. This ability deals 1d10 points of damage to the owner. If this damage reduces the wielder below 0 hit points, the owner must make a saving throw or lose 1d3 points of intelligence and 1d3 points of wisdom. This ability can be used 3/day.

TIKI MASK

This ominous mask of dark wood is carved into the likeness of a humanoid face with an exaggerated mouth filled with oversized teeth, a protruding nose, sunken eyes and an elongated forehead. The eyebrows, forehead, lips and teeth are painted in varying hues of red and ivory. The mask is remarkably lightweight and fits snugly on the wearer's face without any impediment to sight, speech and hearing.

Once per day, after it has been worn for at least 1 hour, the mask can be loosed from the wearer's face and transformed into an animated object. The animated object resembles a larger than man sized humanoid with a spindly, wooden torso, arms and legs. The mask acts as its head. The animated object immediately attacks whomever or whatever the wearer initially designates, as a 6 HD creature. The wearer can change the designated target or targets as if directing an active spell. The mask remains in this state for 1 turn or until it is slain. It then reverts to its normal form and returns to the wearer's face.

MAGICAL TATTOOS

“A Sailor without a tattoo is like a ship without grog: not seaworthy” – Samuel O’ Reilly, tattooist

As mainland colonists ventured into Razor Coast, they discovered the native’s traditions of tattooing and adapted it for their own use. The early adopters of this new art form were the sailors that made the first journey and returned home with these exotic mementos. This set a pattern among sailors in navies, among merchant marines, and even with pirates. A tattoo shows where you have been and what you have done. You may only have one magical tattoo at a time. You may gain another magical tattoo by releasing the magic of the current one. These tattoos are not available just anywhere, and a character would ordinarily need to hunt down the special ingredients for inks. Even finding a capable tattoo artist (as opposed to a fake) might be an adventure in and of itself. “Cost” is an estimate of the price for just the tattooing, not the ingredients of the ink.

BLADE’S KISS TATTOO

A tattoo depicting a dagger, knife, or other melee weapon favored by the bearer grants a +1 bonus on attack and weapon damage rolls for melee weapons for 1d6 rounds per day.

Cost 720 gp

BLUE BIRD TATTOO

The blue bird, sparrow, or swallow depicted within this tattoo represents the 5000 miles the bearer has sailed. This tattoo grants a limited *charm person* effect when dealing with sailors and pirates. The bearer of the tattoo is treated as a friend, and any reasonable requests (Referee’s discretion) are followed. The character may charm up to their HD in sailors or pirates per day.

Cost 900 gp

CANNON’S LONG ARM TATTOO

A tattoo depicting a cannon, flintlock, or even arrows favored by the bearer grants a +1 bonus on attack and weapon damage rolls for ranged weapons for 1d6 rounds per day.

Cost 720 gp

COCK & SWINE TATTOO

This colorful tattoo of a cock and swine displays upon the sailor’s feet. If the bearer is ever washed overboard, or his ship sinks into the depths; the sailor floats atop the water without risk of drowning. The bearer acts as he is under the effects of the *buoyancy* spell until he reaches land or leaves the water, upon which time the tattoo fades and disappears.

Cost 480 gp

COMPASS ROSE TATTOO

The mapmaker’s compass rose that makes up this tattoo grants a –10% to avoid becoming lost and allows the bearer to instinctively know which way is north (usable 1/day).

Cost 800 gp

GRACE OF THE PORPOISE TATTOO

A tattoo of a friendly porpoise (or other mammalian sea creature) grants the bearer a swim speed of 12. This does not provide the ability to breathe water. This effect lasts for 10 minutes per day, as the bearer chooses (minimum of 1 minute per use).

Cost 1600 gp

MERMAID’S BLESSING TATTOO

This tattoo of a mermaid allows the bearer to hold his breath once per day for twice as long as normal (see the **Appendix**).

Cost 1440 gp

SEA KING’S BOON TATTOO

This tattoo showing a crowned merman holding a trident (or other symbol of office) allows the bearer to breathe water as easily as air for a up to 10 minutes per day, split up as the bearer chooses (minimum of 1 minute per use).

Cost 2000 gp

TULITA TATTOOS

The Tulita art of tattooing is as ancient as the ocean. Most among the tribes bear the legacy of their family or the record of their own great deeds inscribed upon their flesh. Some of these tattoos are more than mere decoration or history. Shaman use potent inks ground from various herbs and plants at specific times of the day or year, and employ old scrimshaw needles filled with the mana of their tribe to inscribe powerful tattoos on the flesh of a warrior in an ancient rite. Only Tulita wise men and women know the ancient rituals necessary to inscribe these pictograms properly. These tattoos are only given to outsiders when a remarkable service is performed for the Tulita people.

The magic of these tattoos can only be activated three times per day. A creature may only bear one of these tattoos. When a Tulita character reaches 6th level, they may opt to gain a tattoo as a rite of passage. If they do not choose to do so at 6th level, they may do so at 9th or higher. Some sample tattoos are described below:

CRESCENT MOON

This tattoo grants its bearer immunity to cold and level drain for three rounds.

RIDGE BACKED WHALE

This tattoo allows its wearer to cast *strength* on themselves.

SCHOOL OF DOLPHINS

This tattoo allows the character to cast *cure light wounds*, or add a +1 to attack and +1 to damage on all attacks made against any shark, wereshark, Dajobas worshipper, or any other monster related to Dajobas in a single round.

TURTLE

This tattoo grants the character a -2[+2] to their Armor Class for 10 rounds, or the ability to cast *shield* for 3 rounds.

VOLCANO

This tattoo allows its bearer to inflict an additional 1d6 fire damage on all unarmed strikes for one round (including grappling and throwing, see below), or gain immunity to fire for three rounds.

APPENDIX I

FLORA & FAUNA

The uncivilized lands of Razor Coast teem with life, each specimen more surprising than the last. More than one naturalist has disappeared into the jungle-haunted interior just to bring forth what little knowledge exists today of the strange creatures and plants native to the Razor.

FAUNA

Kuna Toads: These small colorful toads have long spindly limbs and warty skin splattered in bright, colorful spots of green, purple, and red. Their skin glands produce mild toxins which, when ingested, produce a mild euphoria in humans. The effect only lasts between 10 to 20 minutes.

Pekaputa Bat: Voracious insectivores, these long-tailed bats are common throughout the Razor Coast. They settle in large colonies with populations exceeding several hundred in a single location. The colonies travel frequently, settling into different locations daily, quickly infesting areas such as dry-docked ships, warehouses, and other large, unlit structures. Thus, most consider them pests for they quickly produce massive amounts of guano and can carry fleas, ticks, and other diseases. They also fly incredibly fast, reaching speeds of nearly 40 miles per hour.

HAAST'S EAGLE

Hit Dice: 3

Armor Class: 7 [12]

Attacks: 2 talons (1d3), 1 bite (1d6)

Saving Throw: 13

Special: none

Move: 3 (fly 24)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 (hunting) or 1d3

Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

Haast's Eagles are believed to be the largest of the raptor birds. Yet despite their immense size, they have one of the

smallest wingspans of the raptors. This lessened wingspan allows the Haast's Eagle to soar through light woodlands as it hunts. The bird compensates for this shortened wingspan with an exceptionally long tail, typically 20 inches, which provides additional lift during flight.

Haast's Eagles are fearless hunters and are not afraid to attack a larger foe; they especially like the taste of moa flesh, but will hunt any creature — including humanoids — it feels it can kill with its vicious claws.

Female Haast's Eagles are slightly larger than males. A female weighs between 22 and 33 pounds, while a male typically weighs between 20 and 26 pounds. Females are typically 4 1/2 feet tall, while males measure 3 feet in height. Wingspans vary from 8 1/2 feet in length up to 11 feet.

MOA

Hit Dice: 3

Armor Class: 7 [12]

Attacks: 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d6)

Saving Throw: 14

Special: rake

Move: 18

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d6

Challenge Level/XP: 3/60

Moa are the largest of the flightless birds. Unlike most other flightless birds, moa do not even possess vestigial wings. Moa attack with their powerful beaks, and if given the chance will jump and rake with their powerful claws as well. If a moa hits with both of its claw attacks in the same round, it does an additional 1d6 points of damage.

Moa stand 8 feet tall at the shoulder and weigh about 500 pounds. If a moa raises its long neck to full height, they can reach objects up to 12 feet off the ground.

WETAPUNGA

Hit Dice: 1

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attack: 2 kicks (1d4)

Saving Throw: 17

Special: none

Move: 12 (fly 12)

Alignment: Neutrality

Challenge Level/XP: 1/15

Wetapunga are huge grasshopper like insects native to the Razor Coast. Shy and docile herbivores, an adult wetapunga can grow up to a foot in length and weigh nearly half a pound. The Tulita consider wetapunga sacred and believe they carry the lost secrets of their ancestors from island to island.

FLORA

The following plants are important to various Tulita tribes as sources of food, medicine, and building materials. All are commonly found throughout Razor Coast. Tulita recognize them immediately.

Akiaki: This hardwood tree can be identified by its slender trunk, shiny leaves, and dense black wood streaked with beautiful cream-colored stripes. Tulita prize akiaki wood for making small for weapons and tool handles. Akiaki is slightly harder than most wood, and tools and weapons carved from akiaki are strong a durable.

Tulita often season meats and fish by wrapping it in the leaves of the akiaki when cooking it. Likewise, village witchdoctors use akiaki sap to make medicinal salves to treat burns, boils, and other skin diseases.

Amiu: Tulita use these tough, supple vines as binding material for making eel and crayfish traps.

Darehu: These ferns grow wild along the coast and swamplands. All parts of the plant are edible. Young shoots are quite palatable when freshly picked, while the roots can be pounded up into a starchy paste that can be eaten like gruel or used to make flour.

Horopuno: The hot and peppery-tasting leaves of the horopuno plant can be chewed to relieve pain. A single does relieves 1d4 points of subdual damage. The juice from the fleshy leaves of this rocky seacoast plant was applied to boils and other skin ailments.

Kahikatea: In the rainy seasons, this tall forest tree bears numerous small red fruits. Tulita pluck the fruits and use them as lures in bird snares.

Tulita priests also value the kahikatea's leaves, placing them atop hot stones to create healing vapors in steam baths. Tulita tattoo-artists also prize charcoal from the heartwood for tattooing a warrior's elaborate facial tattoo, known as moko.

Keke: The bark of this small tree was soaked in water for two days in order to release an edible jelly. This jelly was also employed in bathing sore eyes. The lacelike inner bark was dried to make a rough natural fiber used for making baskets, clothing, and fishing nets.

Manuka: Tulita so value this coastal tree that some tribes even cultivate it. Manuka trees bear clusters of orange fruits, known as kopi. If eaten raw, the fruit's hard seeds are extremely poisonous, however they have an edible fleshy covering. To remove the poison, Tulita steam seeds for several hours, then immerse them in running water for several weeks. Seed kernels are then ground into flour and baked into cakes.

Pawa: Tulita use this large shrub's leafy shoots in ceremonies connected with birth and death as well as for lifting curses. Tulita farmer also burn kawa leaves to drive insects from food crops. Conversely, a branch laid at the entrance of a temple or chapterhouse signifies bad luck. The leaves were chewed to relieve toothache.

Pomoko: This black colored seaweed is most common along the shoals and reefs of the southernmost isles. Tips of shoots chewed to alleviate fatigue.

Ruwa: The inner bark of young branches from this tree can be bound over wounds to check bleeding and aid recovery. Tulita also boil its aromatic leaves to create healing vapor baths.

Tanekaha: When bark from this coniferous tree is beaten in a trough of water heated with stones, it produces a red-brown or black dye. Staves, walking sticks and weapon shafts are fashioned from sturdy shoots.

Tarata: Tulita mix the flowers and gum from this tree with bird fat and other ingredients to create colorful skin paints and balms.

Tauhinau: Warriors fashion the willow-like stems of this forest tree into spears while its hard, dry twigs are used for fishhooks. Its blue-black fruits can be fermented to make a sweet wine.

Tawatawa: This small plant produces hard black seeds which the Tulita polish and craft into fine necklaces. Alternately, the seeds can be pounded into a fine oil to gloss the hair. Berries were heated in water for three or more hours, the liquid then applied to the region to relieve nausea. The pulpy fruit is also edible, as are the roots and base of the shoots, provided they are well cooked. The leaves were used for making garments, baskets, mats and twine.

Titoki: This massive tree has soft auburn-colored wood with an easily-worked, straight grain primarily used for canoe building. When these trees are felled, builders enact elaborate rituals. Next, they hollowed out the trunk using stone tools and fire. At funerals of some tulita tribes, mourners wear headbands anointed with titoki oil scented and with the bitter leaves.

Waiu: Tulita use this extremely lightweight wood to carve out marker buoys and floats for fishing lines.

APPENDIX II

GAZETTEER

An archipelago of fire-blackened stone and volcanic earth rises from the bloody waters of the Razor, a slash of islands like a jagged wound on the surface of the sea. This coast was once a sprawling kingdom, ruled by the mighty chiefs of the Tulita. With a wave of their hand, these chiefs commanded the fires of Pele's fury and the winds of the fiercest storms. They danced darkly with old inscrutable gods. Their ancient powers now wane, and a new mandate has come to their home. Foreign ships of wood and canvas prowl the Razor, shedding the blood of the oldest gods with cruel steel harpoons and peeling back their sacred flesh with hook and blade.

Old enemies rise from the deep and even more ancient gods stir from their slumber to lust for blood once more. Meanwhile, Pele, ever fickle, fumes over the invasion of her children's home, threatening a deluge of magma and fiery death at any moment.

The Razor Coast keeps the secrets of thousands of souls, all gone to the depths, bathed in god-fire, or torn apart by unwholesome things in the night. Naturalists plying the waves strive their best to catalogue the thousands of monstrous oddities lurking in her bosom, and cartographers descend on her treacherous waters every year to coax her curves and secrets onto parchment. Even so, hundreds of islands remain uncharted on the Razor's surface, and the horrors inhabited by them are better kept from the world.

Here follows all I can share.

- Malza Trintos, naturalist and explorer of the Razor Coast

ON THE MAINLAND

These dreary wetlands house all manner of poisonous creatures as well as tribes of Karikanti who prey on any explorers foolish enough to brave the Blacksink. Beneath

the marsh lies the ruins of an ancient Tulita culture and some believe the Karikanti gatomen are the cursed descendants of this once august people.



Karikanti Gatoman

The RAZOR COAST



Face of the Frozen God

Bonebowl of the Ancients

Anchor Bay



Sammerlock Sails



Deadly Reef



Beacon Island



Moonfall Atoll



Darkol Island

Sloth-Eye's Doldrum



Pearl Eye Atolls

Cove of the Dead Gods

Black Sink Marsh



Fort Stormshield

Port Shaw Kai's Bay

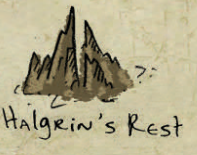


Lighthouse

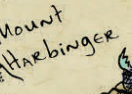
Koa Islands



Witch's Teeth



Halgrin's Rest



Mount Harbinger

Nagshead Hill

Black Bear Forest



Bainwright Island



Kakeou



Shark's Folly

Dragon's Dredge Rift



Skull Sargasso



Isle of Maht



Carcass



Blacksink was not always a mired wasteland. In ancient times, this stretch of land was a fertile paradise where red jack, moltado fruit, and other exotic wonders grew by the dozen on lush green trees. Taro farms, well tended by the Tulita tribes of the Razor, produced more largess than the people could eat, and the sonorous cries of the gold-plumed kovalo bird put even the finest minstrels to shame. Beneath the life-giving shade and gentle rains of this peninsula, the Tulita practiced the old ways, revering their gods with powerful chants and dances. Their obeisance to Great Pele, the goddess of fire and wrack, kept their enemies at bay with searing flames, while the three totems of Dolphin, Whale and Turtle kept careful watch over the people and provided for all their needs. There was no Tulita word for disease in this age, and the peninsula known today as Blacksink was a paradise.

Nothing lasts forever. In that long ago age, the wars began. Brother turned on brother and the Tulita fractured, the many tribes taking up arms against one another. The waters of Kai Bay ran red with Tulita blood, desperate gambits to control the coast pushed tribes to engage in escalating atrocities, and the three totems left for the deep waters in disgust.

When the first sharks came to feed in the bloody, corpse-strewn waters of once-sacred Kai Bay, the embattled Tulita marveled at these creatures' power. They devoured all things, heedless of harpoon or spear, and fearlessly tore swimmers to shreds. A terrible force of fear and carnage, many tribes saw the sharks as an exemplar of the warrior spirit. In the time of the Great Wars, tribes claimed the shark as their new totem and so Dajobas, He Who Eats the World, came to the Razor Coast.

Of all the Tulita tribes who worshipped his voracity, none pleased Dajobas more than the Karikanti. Most tribes made sacrifices to the Shark God, but the Karikanti splayed every enemy captive with a sharktooth blade – and then ate them. Practicing the darkest cannibalism, they even fed their own sons and daughters to Dajobas' gory maw.

Pleased, the Shark God offered the Karikanti a great boon. The first gators came to the Razor Coast, children of the Shark God, possessed of his dread appetites, but gifted with legs to walk on land. These scaly-hided hunters came to the Karikanti Tulita and served them in battle, striking down the tribe's enemies upriver and inland, where no shark could prowl. Brother to gators, empowered by Dajobas gift, the Karikanti devoured their foes, spread, and claimed the fertile peninsula as their own. They erased entire tribes from existence in gory sprees of slaughter.

Faced with the terror of the Karikanti – true disciples of the Shark – many tribes foreswore the wars of retribution and returned to the old ways. They practiced the ancient chants and dances in secret, calling across the waves with sacred drums and pleading with their totems to return. After decades of dark slaughter Dolphin, Whale, and Turtle

returned to the Razor, coaxed by shamanic efforts. Together, Totem and Tulita, they cast the Shark God back into the deeps.

The Karikanti faced grave judgment at the hands of their old gods, and Dajobas' gator children remained a blight on the land. Companioned to the Karikanti tribe, bred and nurtured by them, these foul abominations could not simply be cast back into the sea. In anger, the old gods cursed the Karikanti Tulita to resemble the hideous scaly predators they had fostered, like a plague, throughout the Razor.

The Karikanti's glorious ziggurats and temples sank into the marsh. The peninsula was drowned by the gods' fury, salty brine corrupting the once lush forests and leaving the formerly fertile soil a barren wasteland, where only marsh weed and fungus grow. The gods turned the trees black and twisted, and made them weep blood-red sap as a constant reminder to the transformed Karikanti that the savage slaughter and consumption of their Tulita brethren had brought them to this fate.

Dreadsmoke Mountains

West of the waves and beaches, the Dreadsmoke Mountains loom high into the sky, their talon-like shadows scratching at the outskirts of Port Shaw. Ominous enough, these shadows cannot compare to the menace promised by the sulfurous smoke clouds staining the night sky crimson. Magma brewing beneath the Dreadsmoke Range threatens to wipe the city of Port Shaw off the map any day.

Myths and legends shroud these slumbering volcanic behemoths. Some say their fires are the fires of creation, and that they gave birth to the first Tulita, forged by Pele even before the islands sprang from the sea. Others claim the gods erected the mountains to choke and burn away offending newcomers with fire and ash. The latter view may yet hold some credence.

Though the volcanoes have not erupted in recent history, on the day of the last Tulita army's defeat fifty years ago Mount Harbinger began to spew black smoke into the heavens. The clouds thicken with each passing year, and in the past few months smog has darkened the sky. On particularly ill-humored days it even hazes out the sun, turning noon to night. Fire cults have sprung up among the young Tulita, all praying for a cataclysm of magma and flame to purge the newcomers from their land forever.

Mount Harbinger stands closest to Port Shaw. The magma welling in its crater and the rivers of lava burrowing beneath threaten to tear the land apart. Some view the volcano's recent activity as evidence of Pele's displeasure, but the eldest and wisest among the Tulita are quick to remind youngsters that Mount Harbinger is not Pele's chosen home – she resides at Fiery Heart. More than one adventuring party ventured to Mount Harbinger in recent years to investigate its rumblings and tremors, but none

returned save a few singed lunatics claiming demons live in the mountain.

Whether demons dwell in the depths of Harbinger or not, one thing is certain - the mountains are home to all manner of fearsome predators. The myriad tribes of fire giants inhabiting the smoldering innards of Dreadsmoke are doubtless the most powerful force in the immediate region. Mount Redmaw stands at the center of the fire giants' power, where their tribal council holds warmoots and their elders decide the course of destiny.

Fiery Heart, the largest mountain in the range, is the domicile of Pele, Goddess of Fire and Wrack, Mother of the Razor Coast. None but Tulita elders dare approach this mountain. The journey alone is harrowing. Venturing through the burning haze of Dreadsmoke's valleys, braving the ever-hungry jaws of fire worms and tribes of zealous giants, proves fatal to most who dare. Fiery Heart itself is home to a vortex of elemental chaos impossible for a mortal mind to grasp, much less for a mortal body to withstand.

Ho'oka'la, Cove of the Dead Gods

This forlorn cove of still water and black sand once housed resplendent altars and temples to the Tulitas' eldest gods. Their names are forgotten now, erased by the scouring of time, negligence, and salt wind. Black wooden idols carved in their fearsome visages still rise from the sand on the beaches here, though no one remembers to what dread pantheon the terrifying faces belonged. No sound rings out on the beach, and even the ocean's caressing waves scorn this rancorous place. The Ho'oka'la's waters are deadly calm, and no fish swim here.

Ho'oka'la was once a place of refuge. No one knows why it was abandoned, but a dread curse has lain on the cove ever since. Some say the cove's idols possess the weak minds of mortals and send them back to the world, either to sow murder and horror or to rekindle the forgotten gods' dark worship.

Nagshead Hill

This large inland sand dune perseveres by the grace of some dread confluence of winds, whose fierce breath carries sand from the coast and deposits it beyond Port Shaw's city limits. At its peak, depending on the winds, the dune reaches heights of over 600 feet - dwarfing the smaller mountains at the base of the Dreadsmoke range.

Hideous, thousand-pincered insects burrow in the warm sand here. These chitinous titans, called Rippers, rarely stray from the bowels of the dune but sometimes creep forth on moonless nights to feed. On occasion, they also feel the unwholesome urge to reproduce by spewing thousands of eggs into nearby waters. These eggs are too small for the human eye to observe, and more than one fisherman has swum in Ripper-taint or drank river water infused with the eggs of these strange horrors. The eggs take root in the

bowels and a fast spreading sickness results, bloating the victim beyond recognition in hours. Ripper-spawn burst forth shortly thereafter and immediately slink towards Nagshead Hill, unless another suitable lair is readily available.

Rumors say Barrison Hargrove even keeps three Rippers as pets, churning through gigantic piles of loose dirt surrounding his plantations. The downtrodden whisper that he regularly feeds them slaves too infirm or diseased to continue their labors.

Lost Colonies

Ruins and abandoned sites dot the coast and pepper islands - all failed attempts to expand 'civilization' into the Razor. Several governments and private organizations have attempted expansions but so far have met with nothing but failure. Gatormen, giants, or other hazards have overrun some colonies and forts; other colonies just vanish into the jungle leaving behind vacant buildings full of unanswered questions. Enterprising scavengers will pick an abandoned site clean within days of discovery, so often there nothing left to point to the true fate of the colonists. There are ruins and abandoned sites all along the coast and islands of the Razor.

ON THE RAZOR SEA

Small islands, archipelagos, and atolls abound off the Razor Coast. Many are famous fishing sites, once well kept secrets of the Tulita, now visited daily by the sloops of Port Shaw's anglers. Others are rumored to be perfect locations to dive for salt-water pearls. Motley communities of pirates and outcasts inhabit a token few islands off the coast, while some are rumored to serve as secret bases for notorious pirate captains or to host strange tribes who worship soul-sucking night terrors as their gods.

Anchor Bay

Anchor Bay is the site of the Siege of Dralnor Crackhull, among the greatest of piratical battles and recorded both in song and by the quills of dozens of sages. Here, two great pirate kings and their armadas fought over an unknown but much



sought artifact of obscene power rumored to lie beneath the waves of this solitary bay. Legends purport over forty ships clashed, rending each other asunder in the close quarters of the bay. The water ran red with the blood of hundreds of men hacking each other to bits with axe and blade.

During the high point of the bloody siege, an explosion blasted water a mile into the air, and waves of fire coursed across the surface of the bay, incinerating flesh and ship alike in a blossom of white-hot energy. The only evidence these two pirate armadas existed now lies on the bottom of the bay – hundreds of misshapen, half-melted anchors, scored by tendrils of some sinister arcane fire.

The source of the all-consuming explosion is unknown, but horrifying theories abound. One such theory suggests the contested artifact is the cause. Ancient lore speaks of a great black helm adorned with skeletal wings once worn by a demon king named Zaldronagus. Zaldronagus led an army of fiends in a gambit against the heavens, but tasted only the bitter bile of defeat.

Supposedly, when a chorus of angels destroyed Zaldronagus, his helm fell from the sky to an unknown location on the surface of the world. Some claim the helm fell to the floor of this bay. More than one sage suggests the helm lured the pirate armadas there, whispering promises of power and glory, and then consumed their life force in the blast. Sated for now, Zaldronagus' ancient helm harbors his wrathful spite-blackened soul and may yet call others to their doom. Other sages purport the demon assembles a new body for his helm – one of shipwrecks and molten man-flesh, with great cannons for eyes, a back bristling with masts, and the faces of a thousand dead mariners screaming out its hellish visor.

Bainwright Island

This sliver of forested hell-by-the sea was claimed by a robed man with jaundiced skin and freakishly long rotting fingers named Bainwright. He pays heaps of silver to any slaver with fresh chattel. What he does with these slaves is unknown, but the mysterious man employs some of the coast's best naturalists as well, and those who have worked with him speak of shuddering experiments, lurching beast-men and spastic golems - part man, part animal, and part monster. Ships passing near the isle report inhuman howls tearing from the isle's interior and sightings of misshapen silhouettes skulking along the tree line.

Beacon Island

A small island, Beacon Island served as an outpost for Port Shaw decades ago. A lighthouse was constructed here to guide merchant ships safely through the network of hazardous shoals surrounding Kai Bay. Five years ago, the last lighthouse keeper and his family disappeared; and since then, this accursed lighthouse stands unmanned. Passing ships report spotting a clutch of wyverns circling the top of the lighthouse.

Bonedown of the Ancients

Long has Whale watched the shores of the Razor, fed men and protected them from the terrible secrets of the sea's deep reaches. When the whale's long lives of diligent service near their ends, these tireless sentinels come to Bonedown to find their rest eternal. The bones of thousands of whales litter the sea floor here. Their ribs reach up towards the light in silent homage to the oldest gods.

Tulita elders claim whales slain before their time rest uneasy and their murders taint the seas. Tulita who find whale remains always painstakingly carry them to this distant reach of sea and lay them to rest with their ancestors.

With the arrival of foreign whaling fleets, this task is proving impossible. Whales, slaughtered by the hundreds, now lie festering on dozens of beaches or roll about the shallows of coves claimed by innumerable whalers and their ships.

Carcass

South of Port Shaw across the Razor Sea, at the mouth of the steaming Sea of Bile, lies the single most repulsive community of pus-ridden pirate scum the world has ever seen. Ruled only by the mind-crushing enchantments of the Mage Kings, Carcass is home to slavers, demons, necromancers, cannibals, trolls and worse. Much of the city is built on the broken but still floating remains of over a dozen attack fleets – a massive raft of wreckage held together by weaves of animate kelp and by the several thousand writhing tentacles of some nameless horror beholden to the Mage Kings. Carcass is the single most hideous cesspool in existence, and no half-sane captain steers within 20 leagues of this festering port of sorrow.

Darkol Island

More than a few unnamed islands in the Razor serve as penal colonies, where pirates, fools and murderers are dropped with a few casks of water and left to fend for themselves. Darkol Island remains the most infamous of them all.

This island's many mines yield silver, iron, and even the odd deposit of adamantine. Most criminals consider a life sentence to Darkol to be far worse than any other fate. The slave-masters of the island prison are notorious for doling out terrible abuses, mutilations and rape as punishment for misbehavior, and the strange monsters that prowl the mines feast on the very souls of the criminals laboring in their depths.

Dragon's Dredge Rift

The Tulita elders remember the reign of Lakano Mua, the Red Misery, through the old chants passed down the generations. The red dragon's wings blotted out the sun for a hundred years, and his fire reduced entire tribes to cinders. Finally, Lakano Mua boasted his flames could singe

Pele's hair from her head, and the goddess of fire and wrack responded with a volcano's fury.

Their savage struggle raged across the Razor for two moons and a day, before Pele finally cast the great wyrm down. Lakano Mua plummeted into the waiting embrace of Father Sea and sank into cold darkness. So hard was the wyrm's fall he shredded through the water and smashed deep into the ocean floor. The crater left behind is now called Dragon's Dredge and is one of the deepest rifts in the sea's depths. The crushing cold of the place squeezes the life of everyone who braves it. Hideous leviathans, misshapen by pressure and the icy clutch of the sea's darkest secrets, roam freely in the rift, occasionally rising from the inky depths to engage in terrifying sprees of violence. Sages whisper of a more frightening secret in the Rift: the dread spirit of Red Misery lives on, they say, awaiting the right time to rise from his grave and reassert his rule of the Razor.

Halgrin's Rest

Legend speaks of an impossibly huge giant, a being who dwarfed even the Dreadsmoke range. He sailed the seas in a canoe of earthen stone long before the first volcano rose above eternal Father Sea. Halgrin they named this giant, and in an age before time his jilted lover the Storm Goddess slew him, for he chose the freedom of the sea over marriage to her.

She capsized his canoe here, and now strange, gargantuan jags of rock crest the waters of the ocean. Supposedly, a giant skeleton as tall as the Everpines of distant Krajin rests in the deep waters below.

As his last act before the drowning sea invaded his massive lungs, Halgrin buried his spear deep in the ocean floor, where it still rests. His last thrust quelled the sea's wrath, and so long as this spear pierces deep into the heart of the sea floor, Father Sea cannot drown the world. Sages claim the fiercest storms are Father Sea struggling to pull the spear from his insides and rage free upon the land once more.

Isle of Grey Whispers

Sailors avoid this mist-shrouded isle, claiming the tendrils of fog call to those who draw too near, promising carnal delights, glory and power. These whispering voices persuade listeners that rewards await them on the island's shores. However, as ships draw closer to shore, the fevered utterances change, swearing the promised delights and rewards lie not on the island, but rather in the guts of their fellow crewmates. More than one ship has emerged from the mists festooned in the innards of its crew with a few gibbering survivors cackling into the wind, playing with slippery entrails as if they were piled gold, or embracing hunks of gore as they would lovers.

Rumors abound that Garr Bloodbane buried his treasure on the Isle of Grey Whispers, and that the mists are a curse left by the pirate king's greedy spirit. Tulita elders tell any who listen how the mists circled the isle long before Garr

Bloodbane was born. They say the mists are alive, the breath of an old god who betrayed the world in a bid to rule it. As punishment, this fell deity was imprisoned on the island for all time, and its name was obliterated from the Book of Existence.

Isle of Maht

This island is named for a deadly black root that grows all over it. Maht — also called 'Granpappy Blackskull' — creates a terrifying transformation when chewed or smoked. Users' skin shrivels tight to their bones. Their faces sink and cling to their skulls. Their hair falls out. Eyes weep blood and fingers recede to skeletal claws.

The tribe inhabiting this island uses maht to create mad berserkers to defend it from interlopers. Maldraht maht (roughly translated as "one claimed by the maht") may be pinioned by fifty arrows and not slow their stride until they have chewed the head off the offending archer.

The blood worship of the Maldraht maht defies understanding. Their temples are charnel houses of wholesale slaughter, the only veneration their faceless gods crave. Rumors abound of strange slave ships, floating sacrificial ziggurats, reaping the Coast's other tribes and leaving a tide of gore in their wake. Recent sightings of these floating shrines are on the rise.

Kakeou

The Tulita tribes who still inhabit this island cling fiercely to the old ways. Offering obeisance to Whale, Turtle and Dolphin, they have staved off foreign invasion; but even so, sharks prey upon their fisher folk with increasing frequency, and more warriors go missing on patrols of the island with each passing week. Friends of these tribes speak of a taboo cove, a forbidden place where an ancient shrine of sacrilege still stands, and of dark shapes moving in its waters.

Koa Islands

These islands once numbered among the Tulitas' most sacred sites. Here, groves of koa trees lie nestled in secluded glens. The wood from the koa is taboo for anyone but chiefs to use, and they craft clubs and war canoes from the trunks of these majestic trees, only culling one tree each year, per tribe. Now, the foreigners plunder these sacred groves with abandon, hacking down thousand-year-old forests, chopping them to lumber and shipping the precious wood far across the sea for a hefty profit in gold.

Recently though, axe-wielding crews of plunderers have been vanishing in the shaded glens. Survivors claim an unseen beast, silent as shadow, devours those who trespass in the ancient groves. Several merchant captains offer a steep reward to anyone who can eliminate the predator. Those foolish enough to try never return.

Moonfall Atoll

An age ago, a shining star plummeted to the Razor Coast. Wreathed in fire, this heaven's stone slammed through the sea and dug into the ocean floor like a tick. The tip of the giant meteor still breaches the surface, glittering like a small island of blue steel off the coast. A circle strange, iridescent coral grew up, entirely enclosing it.

Ancient Tulita lore speaks of a second moon shining silver in the sky, which disappeared the night this strange meteor fell to earth. Destroyed by some unknown force of impossible power, the second moon broke into a dozen pieces, all of which now lie scattered about the world. Moonfall Atoll is said to hold one of the twelve pieces of this shattered moon.

The Pearl Eye Atolls

The Pearl Eyes consists of nine major islands, all tropical and volcanically formed, but scattered throughout these major landmasses lie an extraordinary number of massive coral ridges and fluorescent atolls in every color of the rainbow. Piercing the waters between islands, the unique and vibrantly colored coral of these atolls often surrounds volcanoes, creating formations like luridly painted eyes. The archipelago is also known as Bloodbane's Knuckles for its many dormant, but smoking volcanoes.

Birthered by an undersea volcanic range, each of the nine major islands has a high point – a bluff, plateau or peak – to which adventurers can climb and from where, weather permitting, one can view both their island and a few surrounding islands.

Most of the Pearl Eye islands hold sources of fresh water, gatherable fruit and wild game. A few of the islets cradle tiny settlements, called cargo pits, populated by either indigenous tribes or the descendants of early explorers. Most cargo pits eagerly trade food and water for woefully scarce mainland goods, such as metal tools and weapons.

This series of small atolls is the source of the Razor's largest and most lustrous pearls. Sought after across the world, they adorn the necks of queens and ladies in courts East and West. The Pearl Eye Atolls are sacred to the Tulita. In the past, to ensure these holy treasure troves remained unspoiled, the tribes never allowed a visitor to claim more than one pearl per season.

Now, under new custodianship, pearl-hungry foreigners – dozens of bands of pearl divers and buccaneers – plunder the Atolls daily. Often small, interline wars break out over control of this territory, but the Dragoons are happy to ignore the conflicts as long as someone is handing over a hefty supply of the pearls claimed from the depths. Lately, shark attacks in this region have grown to a staggering rate, causing all but the greediest divers to give up this once lucrative profession.

Sammerlock Sails

This island was once a mighty fortress maintained by a distant elven kingdom from far across the sea. An age ago, these sylvan lords gazed across the ocean at the rich natural wonder of the Razor with envious eyes and arrogance in their hearts. The thought that others might be divinely entrusted to safeguard the glory of the sparkling ocean and lush forested coast unsettled the elves. They dispatched legions of sylvan mariners and gossamer-sailed warships to take possession of the coast. They made the island of Sammerlock Sails their stronghold and soon crossed mithral blades with the warclubs of Tulita chieftains.

In the end, Pele intervened on her people's behalf, raining molten fire down on the elven keep, blanketing the ocean with waves of shimmering heat and scouring the elven armada from the coast. Pele's wrath reduced every last elf to smoke on the wind, and now only charred ruins remain where once a silver-spired mile-long fortress stood.

Passing ships claim something haunts the island now. Some say the hate-fueled spirits of elven warlords cry into the wind for vengeance. Others claim an elven priestess robbed of life and love when the Pele's fire's came wanders the ruins of the fortress as a banshee, her wails striking deckhands dead.

Shark's Folly

Nine atolls crest the waves, forming a coral circle of power dedicated to the valiant guardian spirit of the old gods – the Dolphin. Fearless in the face of predators, and striking foes with sharp jabs from their snouts to drive them from the Razor Coast, schools of these majestic creatures held back tides of terror in the distant past. No shark dares come within three leagues of this circle of atolls. The Tulita consider the cerulean waters encircled by the islets to be a sacred refuge. Schools of dolphins dance among the waves here, patrolling this holy site, ever vigilant against intruders.

Skull Sargasso

The sea's dead number in the tens of thousands: scallywags blasted from their deck by cannonades; unpopular captains hurled overboard in the dead of night by mutinous crew; the unwary knifed on the docks for a few sullied coppers and swallowed by the tides. These dead men vanish into the deeps, and most are never seen again. Their skulls, however, find a home among tangles of the Skull Sargasso. This strange weed bed stretches over three miles wide, nothing but floating skulls yawning askance amidst putrid swells of rotting seaweed.

Legend says the skulls of the sea-claimed dead all find their way here eventually. Shamans of the Tulita speak of "dead water," a horrid patch that draws the souls taken by the sea's killing clutches. The source of this forbidding sargasso remains a mystery, but the crew of any ship who passes into its skull-bobbing waters always emerges

headless.

The oldest crusty dogs to ever helm a ship whisper yet more terrifying tales. They aver the sargasso did not always float in its present location, but that it used to prowl the Razor, a leviathan of seaweed and yellowed bone, preying on anything to cross its putrescent path. Some whisper it is only a matter of time until the sargasso awakens from its temporary torpor and resumes its prowling, unwholesome predations.

Sloth-Eye's Doldrum

A pirate captain of old, Galgros Sloth-Eye, once called this stretch of still water and mudflats home. His fleet of deadly vessels raided passing freighters and retreated to these treacherous sucking fen-waters when pursued by powerful warships. Talons of craggy rock loom beneath the dark water here, ravaging the hulls of unwary captains' ships, and the Doldrum's mud wallows and shallows make navigation a constant vexation.

Some stretches of quick-mud can slurp a freighter-sized vessel below the slimy brown sea-crud of the Doldrum in seconds, usually taking all hands to suffocating doom. Rumors of Galgros' buried treasure – some say Garr Bloodbane's treasure – lure the heartiest adventurers to explore this dread stretch of mire, while others are drawn by stories of ancient ships of pure mithral and silver – dreadnoughts of the sylvan fleets of Sammerlock, sails armed with magical treasures unlike any found in today's world, lying perfectly preserved in the sludge of the Doldrum.

The Witch's Teeth

These vicious shoals present one of the sea's most fearsome threats to mariners. The shoals are a labyrinth of coral reefs, jagged rocks, leviathan bones and shipwrecks, all shrouded in a persistent fog called "witch's breath." The winds around the teeth are treacherous as well, turning ships against course every time a helmsman strives to correct. Most vessels that brave the Teeth end up smashed like eggs on the rocks.

Garr Bloodbane often prowled the Teeth, and it is a testament to his skills as a captain that his ship never splintered apart. Today, the only mariner who braves the Teeth from time to time is a fearsome pirate lord named Witch Sader.