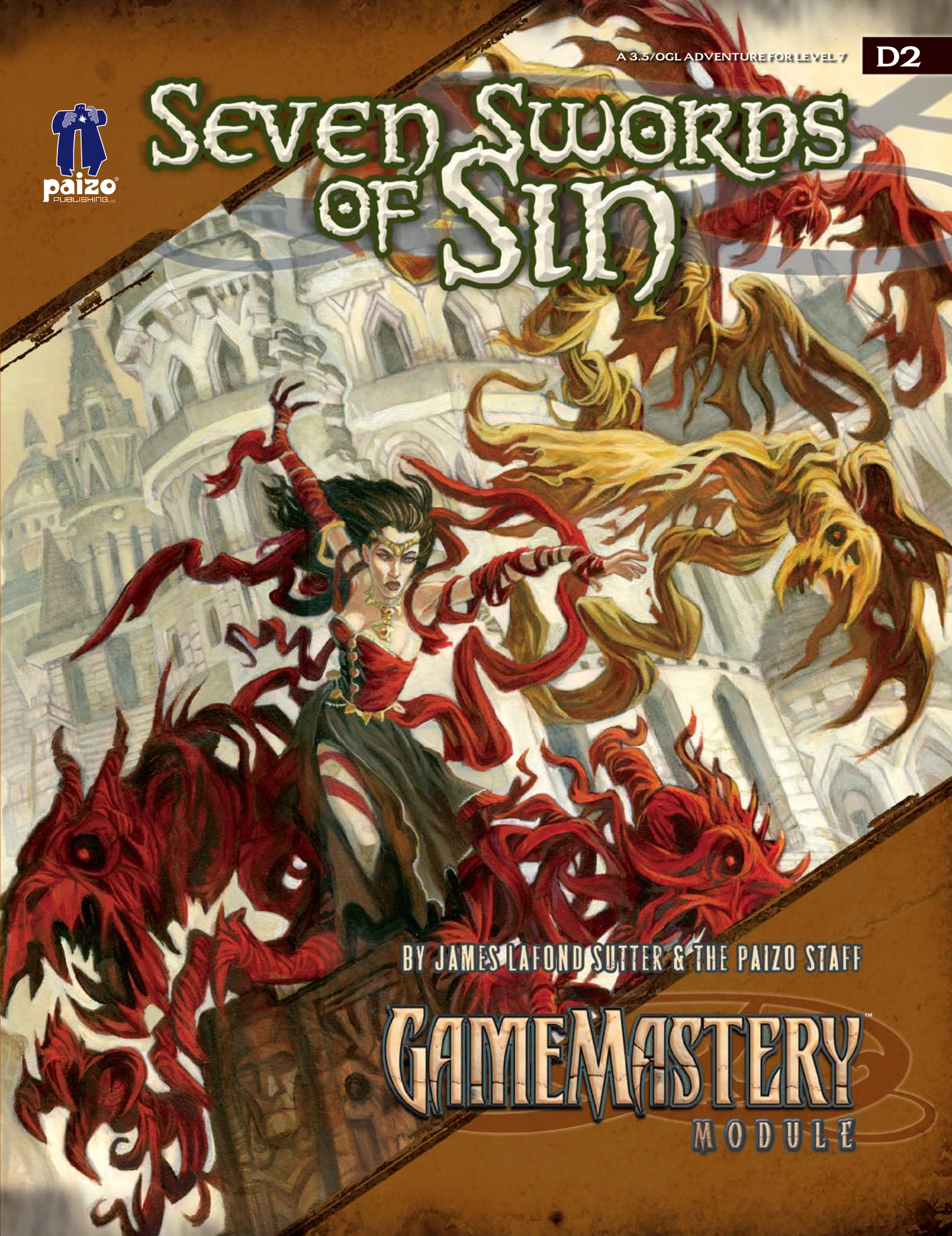




A 3.5/OGL ADVENTURE FOR LEVEL 7

D2

Seven Swords of Sin

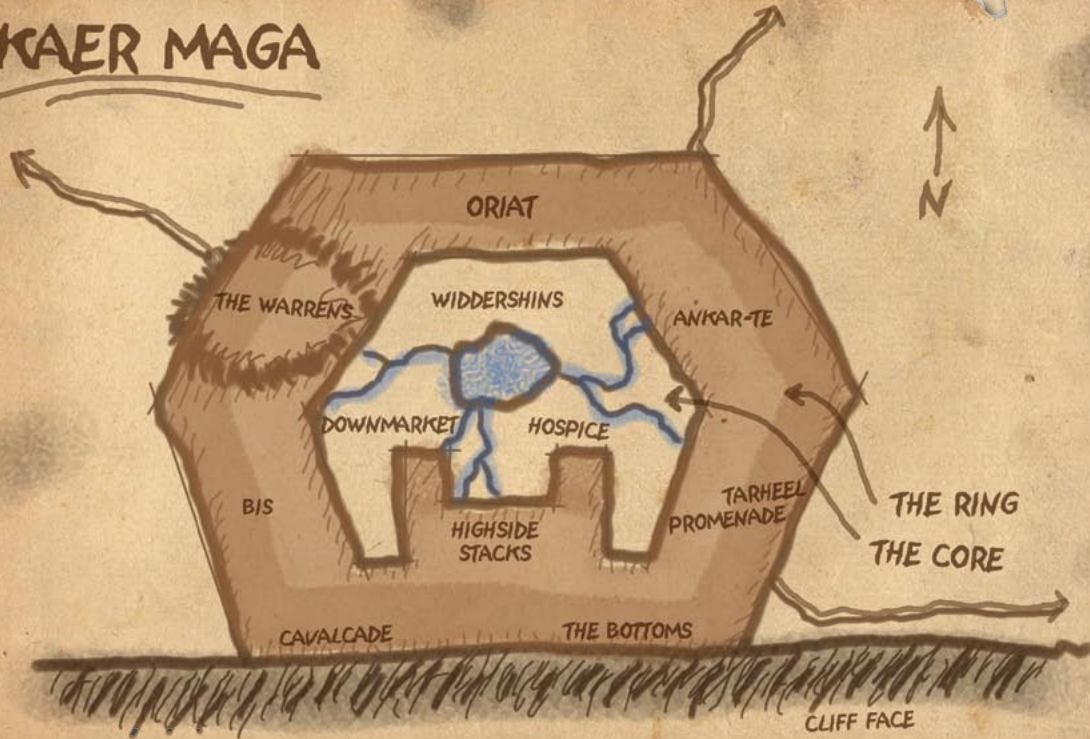


BY JAMES LAFOND SUTTER & THE PAIZO STAFF

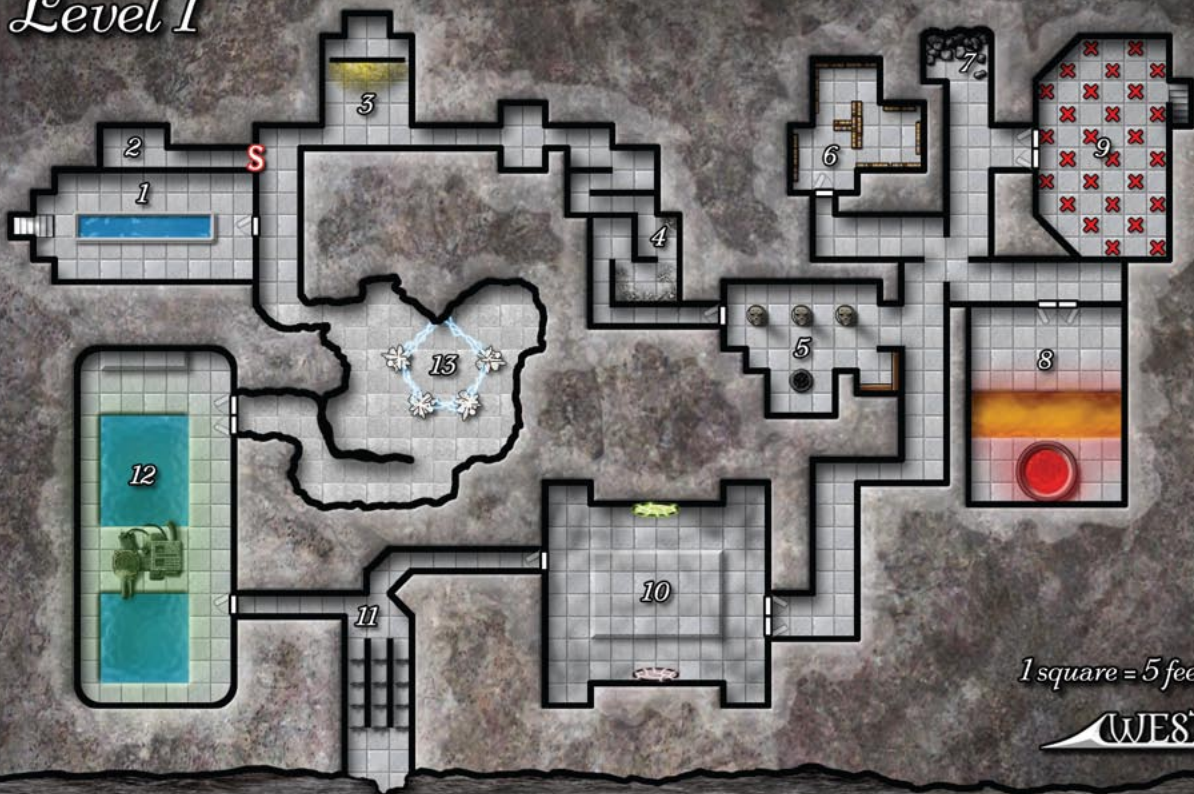
GAMEMASTERY™

MODULE

KAER MAGA



Level 1





SEVEN SWORDS OF SIN

GAMEMASTERY MODULE D2

DUNGEON ADVENTURE

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D2: Seven Swords of Sin is a GameMastery Module designed for four 7th-level characters. By the end of this module, characters should be well into 8th level. This module is compliant with the Open Game License (OGL) and is suitable for use with the world's most popular fantasy roleplaying game.

The OGL can be found on page 31 of this product.

Paizo Publishing, LLC
2700 Richards Road, Suite 201
Bellevue, WA 98005



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Printed in China.

Much has been written about the power of the rulers of ancient Thassilon, but little is mentioned about their skill at governing. Knowing the devastation that a full-scale duel between them would unleash, they settled on an elegant means of solving disputes. Each of the seven wizards created a unique blade imbued with the barest shadow of his might. Whenever two disagreed, each bestowed his blade upon a chosen champion. These two champions decided the matter in a fight to the death. To be a champion for one of the Runelords was the greatest honor a Thassilonian warrior could aspire to, although such careers were generally short-lived.

Although most of the great Thassilonian wonders were lost in the empire's fall, there are those who whisper that the swords themselves remain, hidden, awaiting hands to wield them. The Thassilonians knew them as the Alara'hai, the Seven Blades of Conviction. Given the Runelords' reputation, however, most scholars today know them by a different name.



THE PATHFINDER CHRONICLES

Adventure Background

Long ago, the region known today as Varisia was part of a single great empire called Thassilon. Seven wizards wielding almost godlike power ruled this empire, and indeed many of their vassals worshiped them as deities. Each of the wizard-kings styled himself after one of the seven different Virtues of Rule: wealth, fertility, honest pride, abundance, eager striving, righteous anger, and well-deserved rest. Yet disputes between the seven rulers, dubbed Runelords for the powerful sigils used in their spellcasting, were common. Rather than wage war on each other, conflicts were settled via champions wielding magic blades, each tied to one of the seven virtues.

Over time, the power and decadence of Thassilon's expansion corrupted its rulers, and the seven virtues became twisted mockeries of themselves—fertility became lust, abundance turned to gluttony, and so on. When a mysterious, cataclysmic event finally brought the empire to ruin, the swords and their creators disappeared. At present, most of those living in Varisia have forgotten all about the empire of Thassilon, looking on the immense monuments peppering their landscape with ignorant awe. The lessons of the past live on, though, in parents who instruct their children about the dangers of the seven deadly sins.

Recently, however, a power-hungry enchantress named Tirana has begun unearthing and gathering together the lost swords of the Runelords, blatantly stealing them from vaults where wiser minds concealed them. If allowed to proceed unchecked, this usurper could soon wield a power second only to the ancient Thassilonians themselves.

Adventure Summary

The PCs are contacted by a local cleric of Abadar and hired to recover a powerful magic sword. In order to retrieve it, the party must travel to the anarchic outlaw city of Kaer Maga, a metropolis built inside the shell of an ancient fortress. Once there, the PCs help a shifty dwarf merchant eliminate a troublesome street gang in exchange for directions to the enchantress's lair in the dungeons beneath the city. Finally, the party ventures into an abandoned research facility, overcoming a gauntlet of traps and guardians in time to stop Tirana from completing a ritual that would grant her unimaginable power.

Introduction

It begins, as with so many great stories, with a knock on the door after dark: a quiet summons; a plea for discretion. While the Church

of Abadar is strong, there are times when brute force is less useful than guile; when the needle works better than the hammer. And more, there are times when to further your ideals you must look not to true believers, but to those who can make whatever compromise is necessary to get the job done.

As written, this adventure can begin in any town or city. While it assumes the town is somewhere in Varisia, a frontier region in the Pathfinder Chronicles Campaign Setting, the initial encounter can just as easily take place in one of the villages, towns, or cities beyond, such as the small village of Falcon's Hollow or the bustling metropolis of Absalom.

The adventure begins when a local disciple of Abadar—Master of the First Vault and god of cities, wealth, and law—covertly contacts the PCs on behalf of his church, hinting at an important and lucrative job offer. There are numerous ways to have him find out about the PCs, especially if any of them have ties to the Church of Abadar—by the time they reach this level of play they undoubtedly have made names for themselves as adventurers. The disciple himself is working on orders from higher up and knows little except that the PCs should meet his superiors in the local temple of Abadar as soon as possible and that secrecy is of the utmost importance.

PART 1: CITY ON THE CLIFF

When the PCs arrive at the temple of Abadar, an elegant stone affair with flowing arches, wide halls, and massive steel doors that take four men to open and close, a priest quickly ushers them into a spartan meeting room where he introduces them to **Wen Histani** (LN female human cleric of Abadar 8), their contact for this adventure.

Wen, the prelate of the regional branch of the Abadaran church, carries herself with the quiet confidence of someone used to being obeyed. Her tanned and smooth olive skin, combined with her dark hair, hints at a southern heritage. She wears a finely wrought silver circlet and a rich gold ribbon ties back her hair. Despite her beauty, her face is grim as she seats herself at the head of the room's plain wooden table and motions for the PCs to do the same.

“You have been chosen,” she begins, “for a matter of utmost importance. All of you possess abilities that could come in handy in the task set for you, but before I go farther, I must reiterate again that this matter must be held in the strictest confidence.

“Just over a month ago, an item was stolen from one of our vaults. The break-in was an audacious one, and a vulgar display of magical power—the vault’s guardians themselves, all priests of no mean strength, were overcome by enchantments that convinced them to open the vault, allowing the thief to simply walk in and take what she desired. By itself, that would be enough to concern us. But there’s more.

“The item stolen was a powerful relic from the ancient past known as the Sword of Lust, one of a set of corrupt weapons known collectively as the Seven Swords of Sin. While by itself it might not pose an overwhelming threat, after the break-in whispers began to reach us of similar occurrences in private collections, government armories, and so forth. People are naturally reluctant to talk about what has been taken, but it’s our belief that the thief is foolish enough to try assembling all seven swords. Through our investigations and communion with our Lord, we’ve managed to trace the twisting paths back to a single woman, a powerful enchantress named Tirana. She dwells somewhere in Kaer Maga, a corrupt den of thieves and apostates located high on the Storval Ridge.

“We aren’t certain what she plans, but it’s easy enough to see that it bodes ill for Varisia. If she were to succeed in actually taking control of all the swords, the power she would wield would be immense. Cities could burn. Rivers could boil. Churches,” she finishes with a grim smile, “could crumble.

“That’s where you come in.”

The church has discovered that Tirana lurks somewhere within Kaer Maga, but the trail ends there. As the outlaw city is famous for its ability to make people disappear, the church knows that any sort of direct response on its part would tip off Tirana and send her to ground, burying herself in the tunnels beneath the city and out of the church’s grasp. It needs an unrelated (and expendable) group like the PCs to travel to the city, locate Tirana, and reacquire the *Sword of Lust*, as well as any others they find, for safekeeping. In return, the prelate is prepared to offer 10,000 gp and—perhaps of even greater value—an acknowledged debt of gratitude from the church leaders.

The Abadarians can supply the PCs with horses and a rough, hand-drawn map of their destination (see Kaer Maga handout), but beyond that the party is on its own. Despite its dubious reputation, Kaer Maga is still a major city and the roads leading to its gates are well traveled by trading caravans, making the journey there a relatively simple matter.

The Arrival

From far away, Kaer Maga appears a walled city of white stone, with a tight cluster of towers emerging from the walls where the city abuts a sheer cliff face 3,000 feet high. Only once travelers move closer does the truth become apparent: Walls do not surround Kaer Maga; the city is its walls. The entire city is housed within a single giant structure, an ancient building of unknown function stretching more than half a mile across. In the ages since its original inhabitants disappeared, the building has become a haven for squatters from across the world, a city populated by those who don’t fit in elsewhere.



Wen Histani

In its streets, outcasts both humanoid and otherwise mingle and survive without asking too many questions, and order is upheld through a volatile mix of tolerance and gang violence. Many label the residents undesirable, and while its streets can be extremely hazardous for those who don’t keep their wits about them, this confluence of cultures and questionable moral fiber makes the city a paradise for merchants. Those looking to buy things they can’t find anywhere else—obscure items, taboo

GATHER INFORMATION: TIRANA

DC	Result
15	“Who? There are a lot of wizards in these parts, friend, and you don’t want to cross any of them. Trust me.”
20	“Tirana? Yeah, I’ve seen her around—quite the looker, that’un. Seems like she’s always got a clutch of love-drunk fools following her every command. Lemme tell you, though, she’s no shrinking violet—I saw her set fire to a merchant’s stall once with her mind, just because he tried to haggle with her. Even the big gangs steer clear of her.”
25	“Tirana’s more than just some wizard... she’s got her fingers in a little bit of everything. I wouldn’t use the word “crime boss”—you never know who might be listening—but you get the idea. She’s got something of a protection racket running down in Tarheel. I’ve heard Gadka the charm merchant grouching about it. You might want to hit him up—he’s certainly got no love for the enchantress.”
30	“I’ve heard that she’s gone underground, living in some chambers vacated by the old Council of Truth when they disappeared, somewhere between the Bottoms and Cavalcade. Now me, you wouldn’t catch me dead going into any of those dungeons—the underground’s haunted, believe you me. No, sir, not for a bag full of gold.”



Gadka Burtannon

information, or intelligent chattel—flock to Kaer Maga.

Getting into Kaer Maga is simple. Trade and immigration almost entirely sustain the city, and while the loose militia, consisting of young bravos supplied by numerous different factions, might shake down visitors for small bribes, any group short of an invasion force is generally allowed to enter unmolested. Navigating the city is another story. Kaer Maga is shaped like an enormous hexagonal ring, with an open-air center known as the Core. A tangle of narrow streets, apartments, and shops stretches to fill every part of the available space within the Ring. In some larger open spaces, towers built by generations of squatters rise up eight stories to the ceiling or cling to walls like cliff dwellings. In places where the Ring is divided into smaller chambers, it's not uncommon to have two entirely different neighborhoods stacked on top of each other on different floors. From the city's southern end, massive towers protruding from the structure's bulk nearly double its height, joined seamlessly with the stone of the walls

and bristling with an array of crenellations and minarets. Underneath it all stretch countless miles of caverns, corridors, and catacombs twisting rootlike down into the cliff face.

The main entrance to the city is through the Warren, a massive breach in the city's wall since filled with a towering shantytown of wood and detritus. A ragtag collection of beggars and street children loudly extolling their services as guides line the main thoroughfare. As few people even among those born and raised here know all the alleys and backstreets of Kaer Maga, the party might find it advisable to hire one of these guides. In this case, it becomes quickly apparent that the best choice is a boisterous adolescent who calls himself **Dart** (CG male human expert 2; Knowledge [local] +8, Gather Information +9). For a handful of coppers, the fast-talking youth cheerfully offers to help the PCs find “whatever you need, whenever you need it—just say the word, and Dart's your man!” While he doesn't know anything about Tirana, hiring Dart grants the PCs a +5 bonus on Gather Information checks while

in Kaer Maga (or they can rely on his skills alone if they prefer).

For more information on Kaer Maga, see Appendix 1.

Digging Around

Once inside the city, the PCs have nothing to go on except a name. As such, at some point they need to ask around to try and gather more information about Tirana. When they do, consult the Gather Information: Tirana table.

Regardless of the check results, 1d4 days after the initial attempt Gadka catches wind of the party's inquiries and surreptitiously seeks them out, looking to make a deal.

Rumble in Tarheel (EL 9)

Gadka Burtannon (N male dwarf expert 5) is the owner and operator of Gadka's Magical Oddities, a shop run out of the back of a cart in the lower Tarheel Promenade. He specializes in minor wondrous items, and at any given time his cart contains a score of charms and potions, each under 2,000 gp, as well as several fakes. Gadka is a scoundrel, and





his face shows the risks of such a profession, displaying a map of scars from business deals gone wrong. Even so, his boisterous laugh and easy smile tend to attract people in spite of themselves—as Gadka freely admits, he robs folks blind if he gets the chance but he won't bear them any ill will while he does it.

When the PCs meet Gadka, he sizes them up quickly, then pulls them aside into the shadows and makes his proposal.

“Here’s the deal,” says the dwarf. “It appears that we find ourselves in a situation that could be mutually beneficial. In the last few months, Tirana’s taken the Splitstreet gang under her wing and organized them, given them a taste of legitimacy in exchange for a share of the loot. They’re small fish—no imagination, just thugs and cutthroats—but they’ve been causing me problems. When they were independent, they were easy enough to deal with—give ‘em a couple of coins and a fake amulet, and they were on their way. Under her, though, they’re becoming more efficient, starting a real protection racket, and the price to keep my cart off-limits is completely absurd... particularly now that

I don’t dare give them dummy amulets. Not that I carry any of those, mind you.

Anyhow, I’ve done some business with Tirana in the past, finding obscure reagents and whatnot for her experiments, and I know where she keeps her base of operations. I’ll tell you, but in return I need you to handle these goons for me. It can’t look like I’m behind it, either—make it look like a gang squabble, or a mugging gone wrong, or whatever. Just put them down, and make sure that when you’re done none of them are in any shape to harass honest businessmen like me. We clear?”

Assuming the PCs agree, Gadka shows them around the area near his stall at the intersection of Fever Street and Half-a-Chicken Walk under the pretense of selling them an amulet. While he operates beneath a tin-roofed stall, other merchants have taken up residence in the surrounding buildings, some of their shops stacked two or three high and accessed by narrow staircases. Gadka is quick to point out stores and alleys where the PCs could hide in order to ambush the thugs, who come around every three days to collect “insurance fees”

from the local merchants. When he meets the PCs, they still have a day to prepare before the next time the Splitstreet thugs appear. How the PCs choose to handle the encounter is up to them, but Gadka only knows the thugs’ habits inasmuch as they concern his corner of the marketplace and recommends the PCs fight here. (Privately, of course, he also wants to witness the thugs’ beating firsthand.)

Creatures: The Splitstreet gang is a crew of swaggering young human thieves. Unaffiliated with any of Kaer Maga’s larger guilds, they’ve managed to remain underneath the radar of the powerful factions and have grown even bolder with Tirana’s blessing. Each tall and lanky thief wears a bandanna tied around his neck, which he uses to cover the lower half of his face when the situation calls for violence. Although arrogant, the thieves are competent brawlers and quickly recover and work together once the ambush strikes.

SPLITSTREET THUG (4)

Male human fighter 2/rogue 3

NE Medium humanoid

Init +3; Senses Listen +1, Spot +1

CR 5

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 13, flat-footed 14

(+5 armor, +3 Dex)

hp 31 (5 HD, 2d10+3d6+5)

Fort +5, Ref +6, Will +2

Defensive evasion

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft.

Melee mwk rapier +8 (1d6+2/19–20)

Ranged composite shortbow +7 (1d6+2/x3)

Special Attacks sneak attack +2d6

TACTICS

During Combat The thugs put their Spring Attack to good use, moving in to flank whomever appears to be the largest threat and then bouncing away, positioning themselves to best use Combat Reflexes.

Morale Unless they appear to be winning, the thugs fight only until half their number is slain or subdued, at which point the remainder flees back to Tirana's lair to recover and prepare an ambush for anyone who might follow them.

STATISTICS

Str 14, Dex 16, Con 13, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 10

Base Atk +4; Grp +6

Feats Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Mobility, Spring Attack, Weapon Finesse

Skills Climb +10, Hide +11, Intimidate +8, Search +2, Tumble +11

Languages Common**SQ** trap sense +1, trapfinding**Combat Gear** *potion of cure moderate wounds*;

Other Gear +1 chain shirt, composite shortbow (+2 Str) with 20 arrows, masterwork rapier, 25 gp

Once the PCs defeat the thugs, a delighted Gadka tells them the location of Tirana's lair and offers them a 25% discount on any minor magical items (under 2,000 gp) they might require, in perpetuity.

PART 2: TIRANA'S LAIR

Gadka knows that Tirana makes her home in a handful of abandoned tunnels and laboratories that once belonged to a scientific conclave calling itself the Council of Truth, which dissolved years ago. Located between Cavalcade and the Bottoms near the outer wall that overlooks the cliff, the entrance is marked by the ruins of an old water mill in a nearby stream. Its wide double doors, cast from bronze, bear the engraved image of a large-eyed owl—the Council of Truth's symbol.

In addition, Gadka recalls that on his one venture into the complex, he noticed a large shaft used for ventilation opening into the cliff face high above. The PCs can attempt to enter in this way, but doing so requires them to locate a window on the bottom level of the city directly above the cave (DC 20 Search check) and then descend 10 feet of stone wall (DC 25 Climb check) and 20 feet of cliff (DC 30 Climb check). Anyone falling from the cliff drops half a mile before being obliterated by the rocks below, but the prudent use of ropes or magic mitigates the danger. If the PCs enter the shaft, they eventually arrive in area 11 of the dungeon.

If any of Tirana's thieves from the marketplace escaped, they're stationed around the decrepit mill, waiting to ambush the PCs as soon as they arrive.

Dungeon Features

Unless otherwise noted, all man-made rooms in Tirana's complex are of white or gray stone masonry. In places, this gives way to the natural brown or gray rock of the plateau. Ceilings are 10 feet high, and all doors are made of steel or bronze and embossed with the council's stylized owl. *Continual flame* spells cast on ceiling tiles and walls illuminate rooms through the complex, while natural caverns are left dark.

1. Entrance

A short flight of stone stairs leads down into an elegant room tiled with white marble on the floor, walls, and ceiling. A long raised trough running through the center of the floor contains a few feet of crystal-clear water and lazily swimming orange fish. A random assortment of small rugs and reed mats covers the floor near the southern wall.

Tirana meets with the few visitors she allows into her complex in this sitting room. A peephole carved between two tiles on the north wall allows guards in area 2 to observe the guests and make sure they don't step out of line. Noticing the peephole requires a DC 30 Spot or Search check.

2. Secret Guard Room (EL 8)

Other than a few simple wooden chairs, this room is dark and empty. A peephole on the

southern wall allows a narrow shaft of light to pierce the gloom.

Creatures: Tirana keeps three of the Splitstreet gang here as guards, using this bare anteroom to keep an eye on visitors and surprise unwanted intruders. On alert ever since Tirana stole the *Sword of Lust*, if the guards see the PCs enter they immediately take up positions in the hall next to the entrance to area 1 and prepare to ambush the party.

SPLITSTREET THUGS (3)

CR 5

hp 31; page 5

TACTICS

During Combat The thieves do their best to hide and sneak attack the party. Once combat is joined, they use Spring Attack to dart in and attack, flanking if forced to make a stand.

Morale The thieves have never been beyond the western half of the first dungeon floor, but if two of them are killed the remaining one flees heedlessly into the complex to warn the enchantress, likely falling prey to one of the traps or guardians.

3. Fool's Gold (EL 9)

This small stone room is dominated at the north end by a massive pile of treasure. Gold coins spill from open coffers draped with fine silks and furs, and glowing swords stand propped against barrels and crates holding gem-encrusted armor.

Trap: The treasure in this room is actually a *permanent image* (DC 21 Will save to disbelieve if interacted with) and Tirana's first line of defense against thieves. If any creature interacts with the illusory hoard, the wall collapses in a shower of rock, dust, and mortar, smashing anyone within 10 feet of it.

Creature: Behind the north wall lurks a gray render held in stasis. Upon the collapse of the wall, it immediately breaks free and attacks the closest target.

COLLAPSING WALL TRAP

CR 6

Type mechanical; **Search** DC 14; **Disable Device** DC 16

EFFECTS

Trigger spell trigger (*alarm*); **Reset** none**Effect** Atk +20 melee (8d6, stone blocks);

multiple targets (all targets within 10 ft.)

GRAY RENDER
hp 125; MM 138

TACTICS

During Combat The gray render prefers to use its powerful bite to latch onto a single foe and use its rend ability. Unless faced with a particularly serious threat, it tends to ignore damage from other sources in favor of finishing off the creature in its clutches, moving on to a new target once the first expires.

Morale The gray render has been awake but unable to move ever since it was placed here, forced to watch helplessly as Tirana had it bricked up behind the wall. Now, years later, it's filled with murderous rage and fights mindlessly until slain.

4. Failed Goblin Trap

This twisting passage is full of debris. Broken scythes protrude from the walls, shattered arrows and darts line the floor, and in several places it appears the stone itself has been pitted and scarred by some sort of acid. Where the passage widens at its southern end, the mangled corpses of three goblins hang impaled on a cluster of metal spikes protruding from the floor.

The three goblins in this area were hired to design traps that would protect this stretch of corridor, but they got a little too creative. None of the sprung traps pose any threat to the PCs. If searched, the goblins' pockets contain 37 gp, a roughly scribbled schematic of this corridor's planned defenses, and a small dead mouse.

CR 8 5. Alchemy Lab (EL varies)

The acrid chemical smell of sulfur and burnt earth fills this chamber, the smooth stone walls covered with an oily black film. Near the center of the room stand a fire-scarred black cauldron and three ominous bone pillars. Atop each pile of bones rests an open skull from which emanates a steady bubbling sound and a soft, colored glow. This strange radiance illuminates three oil paintings hung at intervals across the north wall: a skeleton with a red apple, a blue jaybird, and a golden ring in its chest, a dark castle being shattered by a tidal wave, its highest tower marked with the shape of a rose; and a demon drinking from a golden goblet while holding a heart. A shelved alcove to the south lies in shadows.


This unusual alchemy lab has three main features: the skulls, the alcove, and the cauldron. Shelves cut into the alcove contain two pouches of blue powder, two of red, and two of yellow, as well as half a dozen hunks of raw lead and a key trapped in a seemingly indestructible lump of clear orange amber. Each of the skulls atop the pillars contains a liquid glowing with the same colors as the powders: blue, red, and yellow. These flavorless liquids have no effect if imbibed. The amount of liquid bubbling up through each skull is endless and can fill the cauldron any number of times.

The liquids and reagents in this room can create a number of useful or deadly alchemical concoctions. Each powdered reagent can only be used once. Two or more fluids added

together evaporate harmlessly. Adding multiple powders to a fluid destroys the cauldron. The paintings on the north wall are a cryptic primer on how the cauldron can be used, although not all the results are desirable. A character succeeding on a DC 20 Knowledge (alchemy) check recognizes that mixing any of the unlabeled powders together creates a volatile and unstable substance that might be extremely dangerous.

Destroying the Cauldron

Adding more than one powder to any of the liquids has a destructive alchemical effect that deals 6d6 points of damage to all creatures in the area and destroys the cauldron, preventing the creation of any further mixtures (DC 18 Reflex for half). If the blue liquid was added, this explosion deals cold damage. The red deals fire damage and the yellow deals acid damage.



Designer Notes

OOPS!

Goblins are the cartoon characters of fantasy RPGs, and like all good cartoon characters, their intricate traps often backfire. I'm sure that if players dug hard enough through the debris, they'd find invoices from ACME in there somewhere.





Designer Notes

LEAD INTO GOLD

Not every trap needs to be deadly, and not every boon comes without danger. The reagents are a temptation, and where fortunate PCs might concoct some boon, for the unlucky, the adventure might end here. There is no puzzle, no right or wrong answers, and no penalty for disadvantageous concoctions—besides their potentially dangerous results. Whatever fate stems from the cauldron it is unquestionably of the PCs' own brewing.

As an aside, the vaguely suggestive paintings here take an inspirational cue from carvings upon the tomb of famed 13th-century alchemist Nicolas Flamel, which are rumored to hide the formula for the Philosopher's Stone.

Alchemical Mixtures

When properly mixed, the powders and liquids create a number of powerful and dangerous concoctions. Any other mixture fails to produce any result.

Blue Liquid/Red Powder: Alkahest. This fluid is a clear acid capable of dissolving anything except the cauldron. Any object or creature put in the cauldron takes 6d6 points of acid damage, ignoring hardness. The alkahest evaporates as it dissolves the object. If the amber-encrusted key is placed in the liquid, the alkahest dissolves the amber, leaving the unharmed key at the bottom of the empty cauldron. This key activates the scrying pool in area 21.

Blue Liquid/Yellow Powder: Vaporous Vitriol. This mix spews acidic gas into the air. All creatures in the area take 4d6 points of acid damage (DC 18 Fortitude for half).

Red Liquid/Blue Powder: Aqueous Aperture. A swirling, many-colored portal forms in the liquid: a direct, one-way gate to the Negative Energy Plane. Three items must pass through the gate before the liquid evaporates and the cauldron can be used again. Any creature or object that passes through the gate is immediately destroyed

(no save), and any creature that puts a limb through the gate takes 1d6 points of damage from negative energy each round until it is removed (an extended limb can be yanked back through the portal, but inanimate objects cannot).

Red Liquid/Yellow Powder: Philosopher's Serum. Any material submerged in this liquid is coated in gold. Lead (such as the hunks found in the reagent alcove) is transmuted into solid gold—each lump is worth 100 gp once transmuted. There is enough of this mixture to transmute all of the lead in the alcove or coat four inorganic items with a veneer of pure gold. Any unused liquid evaporates after 1 minute. The serum has no effect on organic materials.

Yellow Liquid/Blue Powder: Azoth. This concoction is a powerful medicine, curing any creature who drinks it of 2d8+3 points of damage. This mixture contains enough for four doses and can be stored indefinitely as *potions of cure moderate wounds*.

Yellow Liquid/Red Powder: Aqua Demonaic. This brew ripples as it mixes, then suddenly changes to show a brief glimpse of a darkened landscape covered with sharp-edged mountains that bite at a starless sky before distending and congealing into the gaunt shape of an ooze-covered babau demon, called against its will from its home plane. The demon immediately attacks.

BABAU **CR 6**
hp 66; MM 40

TACTICS

During Combat As soon as the babau emerges from the portal it sneak attacks the nearest character. It then immediately attempts to summon another babau to flank an opponent and wades into the fray, sneak attacking wherever possible.

Morale The calling via the Aqua Demonaic is extremely painful and the babau fights until either destroyed or bought off by the PCs with a gift worth at least 1,000 gp.

Treasure: The key encased in amber activates the scrying pool in area 21 and can be removed from its protective casing by using the alkahest or dealing at least 5 points of acid damage to it. A DC 25 Strength check shatters the amber but bends the key irreparably.

6. Library

This oddly shaped room is packed with bookshelves, arranged both along the wall and in a freestanding island in the room's center. Each is crammed to bursting with tomes, scrolls, and loose papers. On the floor, several books and charts lie open, their leaves in disarray and covered in handwritten notes.

Originally an information dump for the Council of Truth, this library served as a place for them to collect rare writings on a huge variety of subjects. Since moving in, Tirana has scoured its contents for information about the *Seven Swords of Sin*, adding her own tomes to the hoard. If PCs examine the open books for at least 10 minutes, they may make DC 10 Knowledge (history) or Knowledge (arcana) checks to learn all the information regarding the swords in the Adventure Background.

Treasure: As a collection, the books in this library are worth almost 2,000 gp, but individual books are rarely worth more than 10 gp each.

7. Cave-In

Massive chunks of natural stone and cracked masonry block the passage here, although the floor in front of it is remarkably clean.

The tunnel here obviously once extended farther to the north at some point, but a cave-in has long since buried it under dozens of feet of rubble. Clearing a path through it is beyond the scope of this adventure.

8. Incinerator (EL 8)

The door to this room is solid steel and festooned with cross-bracing and rivets. As soon as anyone steps into one of the two 5-foot squares directly in front of it, the door retracts into the ceiling with startling speed. It stays retracted until the trap is sprung.

This rectangular room is bare save for a ten-foot-wide chasm at the southern end, which drops down twenty feet into a roaring fire. Beyond it, a large cauldron filled with glowing molten stone bubbles softly. The air in the room is stifflingly hot.

This is the complex's incinerator, designed for waste disposal. The lava in the cauldron

burns garbage thrown into this room to ash, which slides down into the fiery chasm where fire finishes consuming it. While the lava is created magically by the power of the cauldron, the flames at the bottom of the trench are fed mechanically by natural gas piped in from elsewhere beneath the city, forced up through the metal grating that forms the trench's floor. Anyone dropping into the trench takes 2d6 points of falling damage plus 6d6 points of fire damage each round. Scaling the slippery sides of the 20-foot-deep pit requires a DC 25 Climb check.

Trap: Opening the door to this room primes its elaborate trap, which triggers as soon as something (or someone) enters the room and the squares immediately outside the door are no longer occupied. A round after both these conditions are met, the door slams down and secures itself with a mundane lock (Open Lock DC 35). At that point, the floor immediately tips up 15 degrees, coats itself with *grease* spells, and is bathed with gouts of lava spewed from the animated cauldron at the southern end. Movement through the room is handled in accordance with the *grease* spell, with each character making a DC 11 Reflex save to keep his feet and DC 10 Balance checks each round to move at half speed. In addition, any character who falls prone automatically slides 1d4×5 feet toward the chasm. The onslaught continues for 10 rounds before resetting. Once it resets, the trap remains dormant for 10 minutes, during which time the counterweighted door unlocks and can be opened from the inside with a DC 15 Strength check. (From the outside, merely standing in the designated squares causes it to open.)

The cauldron at the far end of the room is actually an elaborate animated object. Designed to clean the room of waste and debris, it does not move (AC 5). It fires lava balls each round, targeting the largest objects first. Once the trap resets, the cauldron ceases its attacks and does not defend itself.

SELF-CLEANING CRUCIBLE CR 8
Type mechanical and magical; **Search** DC 29;
Disable Device DC 29

EFFECTS

Trigger proximity; **Reset** automatic (10 minutes)
Effect Atk +15 ranged (3d6+10 fire, lava balls); multiple targets (4 per round, one per target, attacking creatures or objects in order from

largest to smallest); floor slants up and is covered in *grease* spells (DC 11 Reflex to avoid falling down).

Note The cauldron has Hardness 5 and 172 hp, and may be disabled if reduced to 0 hp.

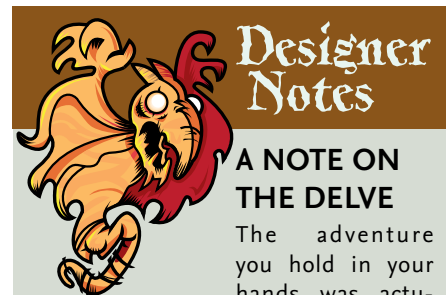
Treasure: At the bottom of the pit lie the charred bone fragments of an adventurer. Although most of his gear has burned away, a +1 *longspear* and *horn of fog* remain in good condition among his ashes.

9. Hedgehog's Dilemma (EL 7)

This large, open room is fifteen feet tall and covered in square stone tiles five feet to a side. Set into these tiles on the floor and ceiling is a forest of standing metallic spikes and nails, some nearly a foot long. Opposite the two sets of double doors leading into this room is an alcove. Within are ornate stone lintels set into the floor, framing the mouth of a steep shaft filled with stairs.

Moving through the spikes in this room requires a great deal of care. Anyone traversing the floor or ceiling at more than half speed runs the risk of accidentally skewering a foot. The spikes make an attack (+5) each time a creature moves into a new square. For this attack, the creature's shield, armor, and deflection bonuses to AC do not count, although it does gain a +2 bonus to its AC if wearing boots. A successful hit deals 1d6 points of piercing damage and immediately halts the creature's movement for that round, including charging and running.

Trap: Each 5-foot square on the floor and ceiling covers a pressure plate that activates whenever more than 20 pounds of weight is placed on it. The marked squares trigger a *reverse gravity* spell that affects the whole room, slamming nonflying creatures into the ceiling for 2d6 points of falling damage (which can be reduced to 1d6 with a DC 15 Tumble check). Each creature that falls in this way must also check to see if the spikes deal damage. Every unmarked square reverses the effect, sending creatures on the ceiling slamming back down onto the floor for an equal amount of damage. The pattern of marked squares is the same for floor and ceiling—a creature who is suddenly flung to the ceiling with a *reverse gravity* spell lands on a *reverse gravity* square, thus preventing an immediate trip back down to the floor.



A NOTE ON THE DELVE

The adventure you hold in your hands was actually written in two stages. It began its life as a delve, a three-dimensional dungeon crawl run at Gen Con 2007. In order to create the dungeon, numerous members of the Paizo staff were asked to design a few rooms in a friendly contest to see who could make the most effective and entertaining ways of killing PCs. This amalgamation of encounters became Paizo's delve. From there, I was brought in and told to turn the dungeon into an adventure twice that size, filling out the rest of the space with new encounters, a brand new city, and a storyline tying the myriad rooms together. I hope that the end result sparks your imagination and that of your players, even as it sends them through the meat grinder.

REVERSE GRAVITY TRAP CR 1
Type magical; **Search** DC 20; **Disable Device** DC 32

EFFECTS

Trigger touch; **Reset** automatic
Effect 2d6 falling damage to all targets in room plus attack by spikes (atk +5, 1d6 damage).
Note Every square in the room must be disarmed separately.

Creature: In addition to the trap, a will-o'-wisp floats invisibly in the center of the room when the PCs arrive. The will-o'-wisp moved in here some time ago in order to better feed on the terror of the trap's victims. It's quick to add its malicious shock attacks to the mix, particularly if the party seems to be overcoming the trap with ease.

WILL-O'-WISP CR 6
hp 40; **MM** 255

TACTICS

Before Combat The will-o'-wisp remains invisible most of the time, and if it's not detected, it studies the PCs for 2 rounds in order to observe their reactions to the trap and determine who's the largest threat or easiest prey.

During Combat The will-o'-wisp hovers near the party so as to make attacks of opportunity against characters falling up or down as a result of the trap. If it appears that the party is close to escaping, the creature moves to block an exit.

Morale If reduced to 10 hit points or less, the will-o'-wisp turns invisible and hides in a corner, waiting for the party to leave.

10. The Maws of Yesterday and Tomorrow (EL 10)

The air in this room is thick and cloying, carrying upon it the heavy and offensive smell of rotting flesh, sickly-sweet flowers, exotic smoke, and reptilian musk. Shadows and smoke coil in the corners of the room, and the floor is smeared with dirt and patches of pallid mold. To either side of the room's central dais, stone carvings of demonic visages yawn, their open maws revealing two different and hostile terrains.

The opening to the north shows a verdant jungle of fungus that serves as a battleground between enormous insects and gargantuan reptiles, while the southern maw shows the same landscape with the jungle burnt away, leaving nothing but skeletal fungoid trees and an ash-charred landscape.

The demonic faces on either side of the room serve as semi-permeable portals to another plane of existence, windows to a world as it existed in the ancient past (the jungle world) and in the future (blasted landscape) after an unknown scourge razed that world. Created by the Council of Truth, the original function of these two portals is lost on the dungeon's current inhabitants.

Characters standing within 10 feet of the maw to the north distinctly hear the chaotic sounds of life in the fungus jungle beyond and feel a warm, humid breeze that carries on it a strange musty stink. Anyone who ends

his turn standing within 10 feet of this maw is exposed to the spore-laden air of the plane depicted and must make a DC 14 Fortitude save or take 1d4 points of Strength damage. This poison does not harm the abyssal raptors nor their goblin riders. Characters who stand within 10 feet of the southern maw can smell smoke and feel the blasts of heated air that whip the ash and dust around burned-out stumps, and anyone ending his turn within 10 feet of this maw takes 2d6 points of fire damage.

Creatures: The Council of Truth placed a pair of abyssal raptors and their fiendish goblin riders here as guardians via *planar binding* spells. These creatures hail from the fungus world to the north, and while they long to return they cannot until given leave by the head of the council (who has been missing for years). The raptors hide in opposite corners of the room in the darkness and smoke gathered there. While the raptors are highly skilled at hiding, their riders are somewhat less so, and a DC 25 Spot check allows PCs to notice them and act in the surprise round.



ABYSSAL RAPTORS (2) CR 7

Half-fiend advanced awakened deinonychus
rogue 2

CE Medium outsider (augmented animal,
extraplanar, native)

Init +6; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light
vision, scent; Listen +21, Spot +21

DEFENSE

AC 25, touch 14, flat-footed 19
(+5 armor, +6 Dex, +6 natural, -2 rage)

hp 113 (10 HD, 8d8+2d6+70)

Fort +13, **Ref** +15, **Will** +3 (+4 vs. charm and fear)

Defensive evasion; **DR** 5/magic; **Immune**
poison; **Resist** acid 10, cold 10, electricity 10,
fire 10; **SR** 20

OFFENSE

Spd 60 ft., fly 60 ft. (average)

Melee talons +13 (1d8+13) and
2 foreclaws +11 (1d4+11) and
bite +11 (2d4+11)

Special Attacks pounce, smite good 1/day (+10
damage), sneak attack +1d6

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 10th)

3/day—*darkness*, *poison* (DC 18)

1/day—*contagion* (DC 18), *desecrate*, *unholy
blight* (DC 18)

TACTICS

Before Combat Before combat, each raptor
receives a *rage* spell from its rider

(preventing it from using its spell-like abilities).

During Combat In the surprise round, each raptor charges a foe, using pounce if it hits and gaining a full attack. Each round thereafter, the raptors charge new foes to use pounce, if able, and using 5-point Power Attacks. The raptors prefer to attack blinded foes, gaining sneak attacks.

Morale The raptors must serve Tirana to return home, so they fight to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 30, **Dex** 22, **Con** 24, **Int** 14, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 18

Base Atk +7; **Grp** +16

Feats Dodge, Mobility, Multiattack, Power Attack

Skills Balance +15, Hide +27, Intimidate +11, Jump +44, Listen +21, Move Silently +13, Sense Motive +5, Spot +21, Survival +19, Tumble +19

Languages Abyssal

SQ trapfinding

Gear +1 mithral chain shirt barding

BASE STATISTICS

AC 27, touch 16, flat-footed 21

hp 103 (8d8+2d6+60)

Fort +12, **Ref** +15, **Will** +2

Melee talons +16 (2d6+9) and 2 foreclaws +14 (1d4+4) and bite +14 (2d4+4)

ABYSSAL GOBLINS (2)

CR 5

Fiendish goblin bard 4/warrior 1

CE Small humanoid (extraplanar, goblinoid)

Init +3; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Listen +6, Spot +2

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 14, flat-footed 15

(+4 armor, +3 Dex, +1 size)

hp 23 (5 HD, 4d6+1d8+5)

Fort +4, **Ref** +7, **Will** +3 (+4 vs. charm and fear)

DR 5/magic; **Resist** cold 5, fire 5; **SR** 10

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft.

Melee lance +5 (1d6/x3)

Special Attacks bardic music 5/day (countersong, fascinate, inspire competence, inspire courage +1)

Bard Spells Known (CL 4th)

2nd (1/day)—rage

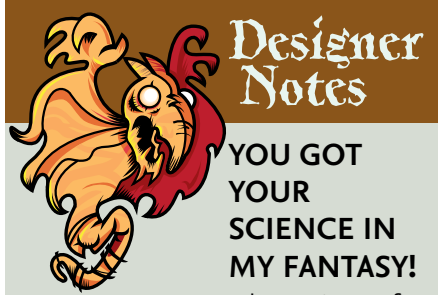
1st (3/day)—cure light wounds, grease (DC 13)

0 (3/day)—flare (DC 12), lullaby (DC 12), mage hand, mending, prestidigitation, resistance

TACTICS

Before Combat Each goblin casts *rage* on his raptor mount.

During Combat Once combat begins, one goblin uses inspire courage, while the other uses his *wand of blindness/deafness*.



Designer Notes

YOU GOT YOUR SCIENCE IN MY FANTASY!

When trying to figure out a theme for

the dungeon that could encompass all the crazy encounters the delve experiment had produced, the idea of an abandoned research facility sprang to mind almost immediately. I've always been fascinated by the juncture of science and magic in any given fantasy setting, and as such many of the rooms I wrote attempt to explore that area—the cliff-side turbines that keep the air in the dungeon fresh, the water-cooled generator that powers the complex (and the resulting pollution), and the incinerator and recycling unit that keep things tidy. Perhaps my favorite is the hermetically sealed lab containing the construct swarm. With nanotech already establishing a firm toehold in the real world, it seems only natural that artificers not bound by many of our manufacturing limitations would hit on the idea themselves. My only regret is that there wasn't enough space to expand on the idea further. Who knows what effects variant swarms might produce?

Thereafter they use their wands each round, switching to a *wand of cure moderate wounds* if their raptors take more than 15 points of damage. Once per round, each may make a Ride check to negate an attack on its raptor mount (with the DC equaling the attacker's attack roll).

Morale As long as the raptor mount lives, the riders do not retreat. If a mount dies, its rider attempts to flee.

STATISTICS

Str 8, **Dex** 16, **Con** 13, **Int** 12, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +4; **Grp** -1

Feats Mounted Combat, Skill Focus (ride)

Skills Concentration +8, Handle Animal +7, Listen +6, Move Silently +8, Perform (sing) +9, Ride +14, Tumble +8, Spot +2

Languages Abyssal, Common, Goblin

SQ bardic knowledge +5

Combat Gear *wand of blindness/deafness* (30 charges), *wand of cure moderate wounds* (30

charges); **Other Gear** chain shirt, lance, military saddle

11. Ventilation Duct

The tunnel here opens up onto the cliff face, barely extending a broken lip out past the entrance. Ten feet in, the tunnel divides into three shafts, each filled with man-sized turbine blades that spin lazily, sucking in air with a low hum.

Key to the circulation of fresh air within the complex, these turbines are powered by the reactor in area 12. The blades are spaced 5 feet apart and supported by vertical girders. Each turbine spins slowly enough that a character can Tumble past one with a DC 20 check or all of them at once with a DC 25 check. Failure results in a blade slashing the PC, dealing 3d6 points of damage and halting movement without the PC passing through. Alternatively, a character can stop a blade by destroying it or by shoving an item between the blade and its support strut (in which case the blade stops moving and allows passage but deals 3d6 points of damage per round to the halting object until it is destroyed and the blade can spin freely again).

Turbine blade: hp 40; hardness 10.

12. Generator Station (EL 9)

The walls of this enormous chamber stretch twenty feet upward before arching five more feet to a peak, buttressed at ten-foot intervals by narrow pillars of the same white stone. In the center, the smooth floor has been cut away to make room for a massive pool of cloudy water that eddies and glows with bursts of faint green phosphorescence. On a stone bridge bisecting the pool at the waterline squats a massive conglomeration of gauges, tubes, and drive belts, all whirring together with a mechanical hum that fills the room. Static around it causes tiny blue sparks to leap from its frame, particularly around the pipes that lead into the pool. On the north side of the chamber, a platform raised five feet off the ground contains a metallic console overlooking the pool.

This room houses the *electro-thaumatic generator*, a minor artifact that powers the complex, particularly the ventilation

GENERATOR CONTROL RESULTS

d%	Result
01–40	No Effect
41–60	Electrical Discharge: All creatures touching the water take 6d6 points of electricity damage.
61–80	Electrical Blast: All creatures in the room take 4d6 points of electricity damage.
81–98	Field Charge: No effect, but double the damage of the next electrical blast or discharge.
99–100	Shut Down: The generator powers down for 1d4 rounds. If the chaos circuit in area 13 is destroyed, the generator instead powers down for 1d4 hours.

ducts in area 11, the chaos circuit in area 13, and the energy fields in area 35. Without the power from this generator, none of the devices in those areas function.

The console contains a number of switches and dials, none of them labeled. If a PC examining the console makes a DC 40 Knowledge (architecture and engineering) check, he's able to figure out how to shut down the engine, start it up, and discharge excess energy into the pool,

dealing 6d6 points of electrical damage to anyone touching the water. Upar, Tirana's kobold lackey who dwells in area 35, knows how to operate this machine and could easily be forced into revealing its secrets. Note that characters failing this check or pressing buttons at random should roll d% and consult the above chart. After getting a particular result, a character can attempt to repeat that result with a DC 20 Intelligence check.

The 30-foot-deep pool of water in this room cools the reactor, and as such is contaminated with strange magical pollution. A creature touching the water must make a DC 25 Fortitude save each round or take 1 point of Constitution damage as its body fights to maintain cohesion. Creatures immersed completely take 1d6 points of Constitution damage before becoming permanently immune to the water's effects. Due to turbulence from the reactor, the water grants creatures within it a +10 bonus on Hide checks and requires a DC 20 Swim check to navigate.

Creature: Tirana placed a giant squid in this pool to help ensure that no one tampers with her lair's power supply. It adapted to the pool's taint and is extremely hungry, as Tirana has not thought to feed it in weeks. It can swim beneath the bridge and access both halves of the pool.

GIANT SQUID
hp 72; MM 281

CR 9



TACTICS

Before Combat The squid hides in the pool, waiting until several PCs have come within range of its tentacles before attacking.

During Combat The squid attacks with its tentacles, grappling and constricting foes or attempting to drown them in the water.

Morale If reduced to 15 hp or less, the squid uses its ink ability and hides at the bottom of the pool.

13. Chaos Circuit (EL 6)

The stale scent of ozone and a continuous drone of pops and hums permeate this natural cavern. At its center, four clusters of white crystals jut from the stone, ribbons of blue-white electricity crackling over the surface of each, filling the room with an unsteady white glow. Wild arcs of electricity leap and dance between the floor crystals and a fifth crystal-line point halfway up the north wall, forming a wavering electric pentagon. Within this fence of lightning a pile of armor, weapons, and objets d'art lie heaped, many noticeably studded with fine gemstones and all made of metal.

The crackling pentagon in the center of this room is known as a *chaos circuit* and allows anyone bearing its *shock sphere* talisman to tap directly into the electrical energy generated by the magical reactor in area 12. Crossing any of the lines of electricity flowing between each crystal deals 8d6 points of electricity damage. A DC 20 Reflex save halves this damage. The electricity field only extends up 5 feet, meaning that a flying or high-jumping character might avoid the damage as well.

The *shock sphere* is a fist-sized sphere of silver metal, polished mirror-bright and crackling with tiny blue bolts of static electricity. Anyone standing within the chaos circuit and holding the sphere while concentrating can cause a *lightning bolt* (CL 8th, 8d6 electricity damage, DC 14 Reflex half) to erupt from one of the crystals as a standard action. In addition, the *shock sphere* serves to regulate the energy flowing through the crystals. If the *shock sphere* leaves the marked area or if one of the crystals is destroyed, the circuit becomes dangerously unbalanced and fills the room with a wild blast of electricity that deals 10d6 points of electricity damage (DC 16 Reflex half) to all

creatures in the area before the remaining crystals crumble. This permanently disables the chaos circuit.

If the engine in area 12 is disabled, the *chaos circuit* immediately winks out, rendering the *shock sphere* useless. If the chaos circuit is destroyed, it takes much longer for the generator in area 12 to turn back on.

Chaos circuit crystals: hp 30, hardness 8.

Creature: This chamber is also home to a self-important air mephit named Avaneidardax. The mephit originally wandered into this room months ago, after being summoned by Uzbin in area 16, and became quickly infatuated with the power of the *chaos circuit*. Since then, he has slowly mastered the use of the *shock sphere* and uses it to protect his blatantly stolen pile of metallic items. If he hears the PCs coming, he immediately begins casting preparatory spells. When they enter, he crawls forth from the tiny fort he's built out of shields and breastplates and crows, "Halt, mortals! You've entered the realm of Avaneidardax, undisputed lord of the boiling sky, baron of blistering winds, master of sapping storms. Render unto me that which is metal, or prepare to be shocked!"

If the party does not immediately remove its metallic items and lay them on the cavern floor, Avaneidardax blasts the PCs with *lightning bolts* from the *shock sphere*.

AVANEIDARDAX

Air mephit

hp 13; MM 181

CR 3

TACTICS

Before Combat Avaneidardax casts *blur* on himself before combat. If surprised, he attempts to cast *blur* as soon as possible.

During Combat If forced into combat, Avaneidardax uses *gust of wind* to delay his attackers' approach, then tries to stay out of reach using the *shock sphere* and his breath weapon as often as possible. A draft coming from the tunnel to the south allows him to benefit from fast healing.

Morale Avaneidardax's mastery of the *shock sphere* has made him seriously overconfident, and he fights until reduced to 5 hit points or less, at which point he attempts to flee with the *shock sphere*. In his panic he forgets that removing the item from the crackling pentagram breaks the circuit, causing a deadly discharge.

Treasure: Avaneidardax's hoard is substantial, containing a +1 *steel shield*, a +1 *icy burst kama*, a masterwork spiked chain, and +1 *mithral breastplate*, as well as a number of mismatched pieces of mundane steel armor. The *shock sphere* is tuned specifically to this room and if removed becomes little more than a steel ball.

14. Landing

The stairs here lead down through a steep, straight shaft eight feet high and barely wide enough to contain the stairway. The sides and ceiling of the tunnel are bricked with white masonry that matches the steps, giving the overall impression of walking through the inside of an enormous bone. At the bottom, the passage opens up and freestanding stairs descend the final ten feet from the ceiling to the floor. To the south and west run straight passages of the same gleaming stone.

This western part of the floor formed the heart of the old research facility, and its architectural style is bare and utilitarian.

15. Recycler

A large, gleaming steel apparatus takes up the southern half of this room. All over its surface, tubes and cords emerge from sections of the machine's chassis, only to plunge back into valves elsewhere, and a pair of levers and numberless gauges festoon its metallic bulk. To the west, a spigot protrudes over a rack of empty glass beakers and flasks. In the center of the machine is a large recessed door several feet off the ground, above which glows a small amber light.

Treasure: This impressive piece of machinery is the complex's recycling unit. When a creature dies and is placed inside the crucible, the machine employs a number of alchemical and magical processes to break down the corpse into its component parts and leach any remaining life force from it. The machine then concentrates and extrudes the leached life force, via the spigot, in the form of *cure* potions. The process takes 1 hour, and the strength of the potion is proportional to the vitality of the creature processed. Creatures of 1–4 HD produce *potions of cure light wounds*; 5–8 HD, *potions of cure moderate wounds*; and more

powerful creatures, *potions of cure serious wounds*. Corpses must remain mostly intact for this process to work, making divided or combined bodies useless.

A DC 25 Decipher Script check makes sense of the obscure instructions and diagrams engraved on the machine's carapace. To use this device, a character must pull the leftmost lever, forcing open the crucible door and revealing a steel-lined alcove big enough to hold a Large creature. Opening the door causes the light to glow red. Placing a corpse inside and pulling the lever again closes and locks the door. When that happens, pulling the right lever initiates the extraction sequence and switches the light to green. After 1 hour, the appropriate potion spills out into the waiting flask, and the light

switches back to amber. This process completely destroys any body subjected to it, regardless of size.

The recycling unit relies on the power supplied by area 12 and cannot be removed from the complex. It contains a failsafe mechanism that does not allow the crucible's door to close if it senses a living creature of size Small or larger inside it.

16. Vivisection Room (EL 9)

This immaculately clean room is set up like an operating theater. Near the west wall, a freestanding steel table with an inch-high lip around the rim contains the splayed and mutilated body of a dog-headed man, his skin flayed in long flaps and held open by metal hooks and clamps to reveal the organs within. Along the other walls, tables hold trays of gleaming knives and strange, barbed utensils. The room stinks of chemicals and blood.

A DC 14 Knowledge (the planes) check reveals that the corpse on the table is that of a hound archon, dead for several days.

Creature: When the Council of Truth abandoned this facility for unknown reasons, Tirana was not the first person to move in. Uzbin Parault, a once-prominent anatomical scholar who has since slipped into obscurity due to "unethical practices," uses this chamber and those

immediately around it to further his necromantic research. The sage is a tall man with white hair and a bloodstained lab coat, with a collar that flips up to cover the lower half of his face. Over his bloodshot eyes rest a pair of leather goggles inset with dark lenses. Finding him both difficult to dominate and entirely uninterested in her own plans, Tirana has nicknamed Uzbin "the Good Doctor" and left him to his own devices. Uzbin, for his part, uses *teleport* to come and go, and as such doesn't mind her elaborate defenses. If anyone enters this room unbidden, however, he immediately attacks.

UZBIN PARALT, THE GOOD DOCTOR CR 9

Male human wizard 9

NE Medium humanoid

Init +1; **Senses** Listen +2, Spot +2

DEFENSE

AC 11, touch 11, flat-footed 10

(+1 Dex)

hp 24 (9d4)

Fort +3, **Ref** +4, **Will** +8

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft.

Melee mwk kukri +4 (1d4–1/18–20)

Ranged mwk dagger +6 (1d4–1/19–20)

Spells Prepared (CL 9th, +3 melee touch, +5 ranged touch):

5th—*dominate person* (DC 19)

4th—*bestow curse* (DC 19), *enervation* (DC 19), *fear* (DC 19)

3rd—*fireball* (2, DC 17), *haste*, *vampiric touch*

2nd—*false life*, *ghoul touch* (DC 16), *glitterdust* (DC 16), *invisibility*, *scorching ray*

1st—*grease* (DC 15), *mage armor*, *magic missile* (3)

o—*detect magic*, *light*, *mage hand*, *read magic*

TACTICS

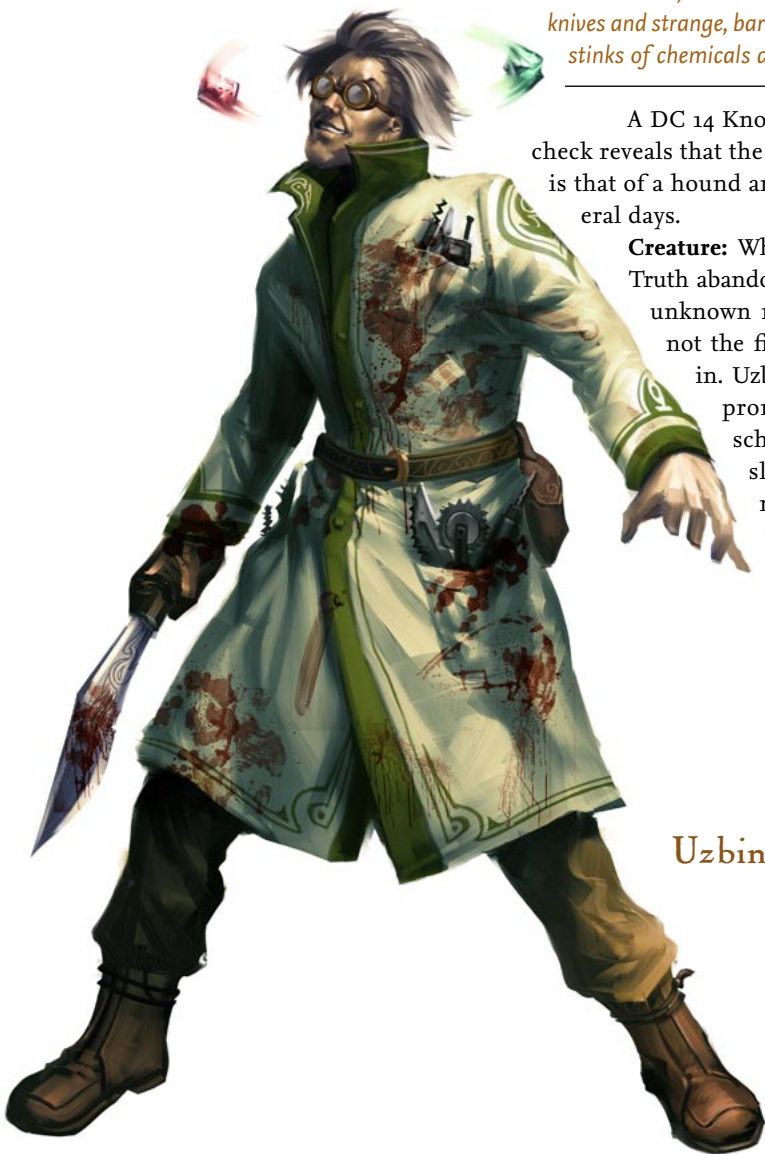
Before Combat If Uzbin hears the sounds of combat coming from any of the nearby rooms he casts *mage armor* and *false life* on himself before continuing his experiments.

During Combat If possible, Uzbin begins combat under the effects of *invisibility* and *haste*, blinding opponents with *glitterdust* and using *bestow curse*, *ghoul touch*, and *vampiric touch* to stalk among his bewildered foes. If pressed, he attempts to force a retreat with *fear*. He's quick to use his goggles' *death knell* ability on any dying foes.

Morale The Good Doctor does not flee under any circumstances.

STATISTICS

Str 8, **Dex** 12, **Con** 10, **Int** 18, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 13



Uzbin Parault

Base Atk +4; **Grp** +3

Feats Combat Casting, Craft Wondrous Item, Improved Familiar, Martial Weapon Proficiency (kukri), Scribe Scroll, Spell Focus (necromancy), Spell Penetration

Skills Concentration +13 (+17 defensive), Knowledge (arcana) +17, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +17, Knowledge (nature) +17, Spellcraft +17

Languages Abyssal, Common, Draconic, Elven

Combat Gear *culling goggles, potion of cure moderate wounds, scroll of teleport*; **Other Gear** masterwork kukri, *scarlet and blue ioun stone*

Spellbook Prepared spells plus 0—all; 1st—*alarm, cause fear, chill touch, ray of enfeeblement*; 3rd—*gentle repose*; 4th—*animate dead*; 5th—*summon monster V, teleport*

Knuckles, homunculus familiar hp 12; DMG 201.

17. The Menagerie

The stench in this hallway is horrendous. Two rows of steel cages line the center aisle, their bars thick steel lattices that glow softly in the half-light. Inside each cell languishes a different monstrosity, slumped carelessly in piles of straw or its own filth.

Uzbin keeps his test subjects here—a variety of monsters purchased from hunters or captured and bound here for his twisted experiments. Many of the cages contain only corpses, but a girallon, a grick, and a blinded basilisk still twitch listlessly in their cells, diseased and waiting to die. Uzbin has not fed them in days, and the monsters are too far gone to harass PCs who approach the cages. Even if released, they remain huddled in their beds or shuffle off slowly into the dungeon looking for escape, temporarily cowed by their captivity. If attacked, they seem grateful for the release and do not fight back.

Magically reinforced iron cages: hp 110; hardness 20; Break DC 48; Open Lock 25.

18. Shambling Nightmare (EL 8)

Hundreds of planters and flowerpots in stacks and rows dominate this room, obviously once carefully organized but long since overgrown and neglected. Thick mats of thorny green vines climb the walls and ceiling, and a carpet of moss and roots covers the floor. A fountain on the east wall is carved to resemble an owl's

head belching a stream of glowing blue water into a basin, and a squared ring of trenching filled with the same water dominates the center of the floor. Both are choked with lilies and other, less identifiable plant matter.

This chamber was once the magically maintained greenhouse for the complex, and Tirana herself even maintained it for a time, thanks to the usefulness of having so many rare plants on hand as spell components. Since unlocking the secrets of the *Sword of Lust*, however, she completely lost interest and left the care of the facilities to the room's resident gardeners.

The thorny plants that cover this room are dangerous to most creatures. Anyone moving through this room at a speed greater than 5 feet per round automatically takes 1d4 points of damage, as does anyone who falls prone. The room's guardians are immune to this damage. In addition, the tangling roots make it impossible to charge and increase the DC of Tumble and Balance skill checks by +2, although they do not slow movement. Due to enhancements cast on the room long ago, these plants grow at a supernatural rate and are extremely difficult to destroy. Clearing a single 5-foot square of vegetable matter requires 10 points of fire damage, but unless every square in the room is cleansed in this manner, the plants quickly grow to reclaim the space at a rate of one square per round.

The plants themselves are not the room's only hazards. The faintly glowing magically treated water in the wall fountain and the central irrigation trench help sustain the plants and increase their growth. The process involved, however, has made it highly acidic. Both the fountain and trench are 5 feet deep and filled more than halfway with the glowing, weed-choked water. Any non-plant creature touching it takes 4d6 points of acid damage per round, and falling into either pool deals 10d6 points of acid damage per round of submersion. This damage is enough to destroy nonmagical items thrust into the pool in 1 round.

Trap: A 20-pound stone chest containing treasure sits at the bottom of the wall pool. The chest sits on a pressure plate which, if disturbed, causes the fountainhead to spray acid on everyone within 20 feet.

ACID SPRAYER

CR 6

Type mechanical; **Search** DC 25; **Disable Device** DC 25

EFFECTS

Trigger touch; **Reset** no

Effect 6d6 acid damage to all targets within 20 feet of the fountain, DC 20 Reflex save half.

Note Anyone attempting to disarm this trap must touch the acid to do so.

Creatures: Two shambling mounds were installed here to help care for the plants and assist the researchers. Although those researchers disappeared long ago, the shambling mounds have since come to regard this place as their territory, and defend it fiercely against all comers. When the PCs first arrive, the shambling mounds hide in the southern corners of the room and wait for several of the group to enter before attacking without warning. If a PC displays good will and an unusual amount of natural empathy, such as through use of *speak with plants* or similar spells, the guardians might be persuaded to stand down and let the party pass, although they brook no ill-treatment of the resident flora.

SHAMBLING MOUNDS (2)

CR 6

hp 60; MM 222

TACTICS

Before Combat The shambling mounds hide in the copious plant matter until ready to attack. Those who fail an opposed Spot check against their Hide (+15) are surprised.

During Combat Shambling mounds attempt to grab and crush the life from as many enemies as possible. If the opportunity presents itself, they attempt to bull rush PCs into the acid (bull rush +9).

Morale Once angered, the shambling mounds are fearless and fight to the death.

Treasure: Secured in a chest at the bottom of the wall pool is a pair of *gauntlets of ogre power*.

19. Lord of Scarabs (EL 9)

The outer walls of this room-within-a-room are smooth and featureless. In the center sits a second, smaller structure: a massive block of stone that rises nearly to the ceiling. Across its sides flow horizontal bands containing thousands of minuscule engravings, reproduced larger on the

two sets of bronze double doors that lead into the stone block from the east and west.

A DC 10 Knowledge (nature) check is sufficient to recognize the multitude of carvings as variations on a theme—each a slightly different representation of a scarab beetle. While unlocked, the doors are extremely heavy and require a DC 20 Strength check to open.

Inside the smaller room is darkness, interrupted only by a faintly glowing sarcophagus apparently constructed entirely out of gold. Runes like those on the outer doors cover its surface, but these appear to skitter and dance across it.

Anyone who examines the moving runes on the sarcophagus must make a DC 20 Will save or be compelled for 3 rounds to attempt to open it. The runes radiate moderate enchantment (DC 18 Spellcraft check with *detect magic*). A DC 20 Listen check at the coffin reveals the sounds of thousands of bugs crawling about inside.

Creatures: This elaborate coffin contains the Lord of Scarabs, an ancient mummy brought here from Osirion for study and to help guard the complex. If the sarcophagus is opened (DC 15 Strength check) or damaged in any way, he bursts forth to attack, accompanied by his scarab swarm. The swarm of horrible biting scarabs floods the chamber within 1 round and continues to pour magically from between the Lord of Scarab's bandages. For as long as the Lord of Scarabs remains extant, so too does the swarm. Living creatures in the room automatically take 2d6 points of damage from the scarabs at the beginning of their turn and must make DC 15 Fortitude saves or become nauseated for 1 round. Characters not touching the floor are immune to this damage. Once the Lord of Scarabs is destroyed, the scarabs retreat to the coffin and remain still, refusing to attack or to defend themselves.

LORD OF SCARABS

Mummy fighter 2/rogue 4

CR 9

LE Medium undead

Init +6; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Listen +11, Spot +11

Aura despair (DC 19)

DEFENSE

AC 22, touch 12, flat-footed 20

hp 80 (14 HD, 8d12+2d10+4d6+3)

Fort +6, **Ref** +8, **Will** +10

Defensive evasion, uncanny dodge, undead traits; **DR** 5/—

Weakness vulnerability to fire

OFFENSE

Spd 20 ft.

Melee slam +13 (1d6+18 plus mummy rot/19–20)

Special Attacks mummy rot (DC 17), sneak attack +2d6

TACTICS

Before Combat The Lord of Scarabs waits inside his sarcophagus. If it is disturbed he bursts forth and attacks.

During Combat After standing up, the mummy strikes out at the nearest foe using Power Attack each round (5 points, already figured in above). It focuses first on those caught by its despair or nauseated by the scarab swarm.



Morale The Lord of the Scarabs knows no fear and fights until destroyed.

STATISTICS

Str 28, **Dex** 14, **Con** —, **Int** 6, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 17

Base Atk +9; **Grp** +18

Feats Ability Focus (despair), Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Improved Critical (slam), Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Toughness

Skills Hide +13, Listen +11, Move Silently +10, Spot +11, Tumble +14.

SQ Trapfinding, trap sense +1

Treasure: Buried among the flood of beetles are a deep blue sapphire worth 1,000 gp, a gem-encrusted crook worth 750 gp, and a *golembane scarab*. The sarcophagus itself is worth 10,000 gp for its gold alone, but removing a half-ton box from the complex is no easy task.

20. Clean Room (EL 9)

The portals on either side of this room are filled with a roaring wind that seems to come from the stones themselves, blowing from north to south through small antechambers. Inside the room itself, two large cylindrical glass tanks stand with conduits running into the ceiling, one filled with swirling orange liquid, the other empty and shattered partway up its face. Several tables and bookshelves stand along the walls.

This room was specially built for work on incredibly small constructs and diseases. The magical effect placed on both doorways generates a severe wind that ensures the flying constructs cannot escape on their own. The orange liquid in the intact tank is highly acidic, originally used to annihilate and sterilize any out-of-control projects contained in the northern cylinder. Anyone breaking the tank sprays all creatures within 5 feet with the acid, dealing 5d6 points of acid damage.

Creatures: Several days ago, the brash leader of the Splitstreet gang thought to explore the dungeon himself and see what choice morsels he could relieve Tirana of without her noticing. Upon arriving in this chamber, he capriciously shattered the empty-looking northern tube, only to be immediately set upon and infected by one of the two imprisoned construct swarms. Now he hides behind the bookshelf, able to

pass through the windy portals but waiting for a second host, unwilling to leave behind the other swarm.

GRANULE CONSTRUCT SWARM **CR 6**

hp 55; page 29

TACTICS

During Combat The granule construct swarm hides until the PCs completely enter the room. It then bursts out and attempts to infest one of them.

Morale The granule swarm fights until reduced to 10 hp or less, then disperses and remains in that state until it has regained full health.

INFESTED SPLITSTREET LEADER **CR 7**

Male human granule construct host fighter
2/rogue 5

NE Medium humanoid

Init +3; **Senses** blindsight 100 ft.; Listen +8, Spot +8

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 13, flat-footed 16
(+5 armor, +3 Dex, +2 natural)

hp 47 (7 HD, 2d10+5d6+14)

Fort +6, **Ref** +7, **Will** +2

Defensive evasion, uncanny dodge

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft.

Melee +1 rapier +10 (1d6+3/18–20) and
claw +3 (1d6+1)

Special Attacks infest, sneak attack +3d6

TACTICS

Before Combat If the Splitstreet leader detects the PCs about to enter the lab, he drinks his *potion of cat's grace* and prepares to surprise them.

During Combat The Splitstreet leader fights savagely in conjunction with the granule construct swarm, attempting to leave some of his opponents alive for infestation.

Morale The constructs inhabiting the Splitstreet leader are eager to expand beyond the lab and force their host to fight to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 14, **Dex** 17, **Con** 15, **Int** 8, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 4

Base Atk +5; **Grp** +7

Feats Dodge, Mobility, Spring Attack, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (rapier)

Skills Climb +10, Hide +11, Intimidate +8, Listen +8, Move Silently +8, Tumble +11, Search +2, Spot +8

Languages Common

SQ hive mind, trap sense +1, trapfinding

Combat Gear *potion of cat's grace*, *potion of cure moderate wounds*; **Other Gear** boots of elvenkind, +1 chain shirt, +1 rapier, z100 gp

ABILITIES

Hive Mind (Ex) See appendix 2.

Infest (Ex) See appendix 2.

21. Scrying Pool

This chamber is dominated by a large pool of crystal-clear water in an ornate stone cistern.

The cistern in this chamber is actually a powerful magic item that allows anyone focusing on it to cast *scry* at will, as a 7th-level caster. When originally built for the research complex, however, senior members of the council judged it a dangerous temptation to the lesser researchers. They constructed a locking mechanism that required a certain key. A DC 15 Spot or Search check notices a keyhole wedged between carvings of voyeuristic cherubs on the pool's southern rim. The key is currently encased in amber in area 5. A DC 35 Open Lock check followed by a DC 25 Use Magic Device check operates the pool without the key. Different people can make these checks, and the Open Lock check need be made only once.

Upon the key's insertion, the water in the pool begins swirling rapidly and the surface shifts to matte gray, no longer reflecting the surrounding room. Once a character begins using it, the center of the pool rises up in a fat pseudopod of water that envelopes his head. From that



Designer Notes

SCRYING POOL

Maybe it's cruel to the players, but I find magic items much more interesting if they take a toll on the user. A scrying pool is fun, but a scrying pool that looks like something out of *The Abyss* and might eat your head and drown you if you use it for too long? That's adventure.

moment on, the pool operates as a scry spell, projecting the chosen scene directly into the user's eyes. During this time, the user must hold his breath or be able to breathe water in order to keep from drowning. Removing one's head from the pseudopod in order to breathe causes the pool to reset.

22. What Lies Beneath (EL 9)

The steady sound of gently flowing water fills this massive underground chamber. In the center of the cavern, a large pool of dark water separates dry shelves of rock to the east and west, with a rotting wooden bridge leading from the eastern shore to a small rocky outcropping jutting from the pool's surface. To the north, a wooden rowboat bobs slowly within arm's reach of the eastern shelf.

The torrent of magical runoff from area 24 flows beneath the western wall of this room, mixing with water from a natural spring and quickly becoming inert before draining through a crack in the pool's bottom. The ceiling here rises to a height of 20 feet in places, with stalagmites descending almost to the water's surface in others. The pool itself is 30 feet deep, and the lazy current only requires a DC 10 Swim check to navigate unless the water elemental uses its vortex ability, in which case the DC increases to 20.

The bridge at the southern end of the room is extremely rickety. Any weight of more than 150 pounds placed on it causes it to collapse, dumping those on it into the lake below unless they succeed on a DC 20 Reflex save.

Creatures: As one of the complex's main choke points, Tirana has taken special care

in fortifying it, binding both Casuval—a young adult black dragon—and a water elemental to this chamber. Unlike Revorax in area 33, Casuval was captured and forced into service after decades as the undisputed master of his domain, and his forced servitude infuriates him to no end. He constantly plots ways to make his escape, but so far the enchantress's power has cowed him too much to oppose her. Tirana, for her part, enjoys rubbing in this fact by taking the rickety rowboat across this chamber instead of flying.

Casuval spends most of his time completely submerged in the middle of the pool. If he detects intruders, he waits for them to take the boat partway across the pool before commanding the water elemental to capsize their boat. Once PCs enter the water, he erupts from the deep in a spray of acid, relishing the chance to relieve his



boredom. If the PCs can convert his attitude from unfriendly to helpful and convince him they came to attack Tirana, he allows them to pass unmolested, quietly resolving to eat them on their return trip.

CASUAL CR 9

Male young adult black dragon

CE Large dragon (water)

Init +0; **Senses** blindsense 60 ft., darkvision 120 ft., low-light vision; Listen +17, Spot +17

Aura frightful presence (150-ft. radius, DC 19)

DEFENSE

AC 28, touch 9, flat-footed 28

(+15 natural, +4 shield, -1 size)

hp 152 (16d12+48)

Fort +13, **Ref** +10, **Will** +11

DR 5/magic; **Immune** acid, sleep, paralysis; **SR** 17

OFFENSE

Spd 60 ft., fly 150 ft. (poor), swim 60 ft.

Melee bite +20 (2d6+4) and

2 claws +17 (1d8+2) and

2 wings +17 (1d6+2) and

tail slap +17 (1d8+6)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft. (10 ft. bite)

Special Attacks breath weapon (80 ft. line, 10d4 acid, DC 21 Reflex save half)

Spell-Like (CL 5th):

3/day—darkness (50 ft. radius)

Spells Known (CL 1st):

1st (4/day)—shield, true strike

o (5/day)—detect magic, ghost sound, ray of frost, read magic

TACTICS

Before Combat Casuval lies in wait beneath the pool's surface and surreptitiously casts *shield* before combat begins.

During Combat Casuval lurks beneath the surface of the water, where he's difficult to attack, and waits for the PCs to fall in, either dumped over the side when the boat capsizes or sucked down by the vortex. As soon as two of them are beneath the surface, he unleashes his breath weapon. If he can isolate a PC, Casuval attempts to grapple him and hold him underwater until he drowns.

Morale Casuval has nowhere to run and fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 19, **Dex** 10, **Con** 17, **Int** 12, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +16; **Grp** +24

Feats Cleave, Multiattack, Power Attack, Snatch, Weapon Focus (bite), Wingover

Skills Bluff +15, Climb +20, Diplomacy +10,

Hide +8, Intimidate +19, Listen +17, Move

Silently +16, Search +17, Spot +17, Swim +12

Languages Common, Draconic

SQ water breathing

LARGE WATER ELEMENTAL CR 5

hp 68; **MM** 100

TACTICS

During Combat As soon as the PCs are 20 feet away from shore, the elemental capsizes their boat. It then enters a vortex on the following round and maintains it as long as possible, attempting to suck the PCs below the surface where they are vulnerable to Casuval's attacks.

Morale The elemental is magically compelled by Tirana to fight to the death.

Treasure: At the bottom of the pool rests Casuval's meager stash of treasure, a +1 *keen longsword*, 150 pp, and 600 gp.

23. Temple of Blades (EL 7)

This large cavern is hewn directly from the natural brown rock, its stone floor rough but flat. Above, its ceiling climbs in steps like a ziggurat, angling up to a twenty-foot-high apex. Throughout the chamber, dozens of slender, age-blackened longswords fall from narrow slits in the ceiling, only to be reclaimed by a similar slot in the floor, immediately appearing again at the top. The sound of steel hissing against stone fills the room.

This is the temple of blades, a strange magical location far older than the rest of the complex, as is easily apparent from the weathered stone walls. The swords falling from the ceiling themselves possess no magical power, but rather the magic of the chamber creates them. The slots in the ceiling automatically produce the swords every few seconds, and any creature inhabiting this room must make a DC 20 Reflex save each round or take 1d8 points of slashing damage per round. PCs examining the niches on the floor find they are only a foot deep and have no effect on anything other than longswords. Any blade thrust into the hole, however, immediately teleports to the top of the room, where it falls toward the one who put it into the hole. This room is considered rough terrain, and ranged weapons suffer a -4 penalty on attack rolls due to the rain of blades' interference.

Between the niches on the floor is scribed an incredibly complex pattern.

Although incomplete, a DC 25 Knowledge (religion) check reveals it as an ancient incantation dealing with rebirth, but tied inexplicably to death. Not even the swordpriest knows the meaning of this pattern, although he suspects other parts of it lie hidden elsewhere in Kaer Maga.

Creatures: This room's guardian and prisoner is a vampire so ancient that he has forgotten his own name. Tirana, who for the most part finds it convenient to avoid him, refers to him as the swordpriest. Once part of a cabal of vampires that dwelt under Kaer Maga, performing terrible rites honoring long-dead gods, the current swordpriest long ago became trapped and bound to this shrine against his will by his predecessor. He only desires now to conquer a suitably powerful opponent to turn into a vampire inside the temple, thereby cementing his spawn as the new guardian and earning the current swordpriest his freedom. Thanks to his damage reduction, the falling swords have no effect on the vampire. He cannot leave the room, though, and if somehow removed from the chamber the powerful magic of the chapel immediately and painfully compels him to return—unless he finds a replacement.

When the PCs first arrive, the swordpriest stands serenely in the center of the room, dark cowl up and bearing a matte-black bastard sword covered in glowing runes. Once the vampire spots the PCs, he immediately uses the temple's calling ability to drag them into the room, hisses the word "Welcome," and attacks.

In addition to his normal vampiric powers, the temple also grants the swordpriest two additional abilities. The first, known as the calling, requires anyone within 30 feet to make a DC 25 Strength check or be dragged 10 feet toward the center of the room. Activating this ability is a free action. The second, genuflection, allows the swordpriest to temporarily increase the room's gravity as a standard action, knocking everyone prone within the room who fails a DC 15 Strength check. Prone creatures take double damage from falling swords. This increased gravity remains for 1d4 rounds, requiring everyone in the room to make Strength checks every round to remain standing. The swordpriest is immune to this effect.

SWORDPRIEST

CR 9

Male vampire human fighter 4/cleric 3
CE Medium undead (augmented humanoid)
Init +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Listen +17,
Spot +17

DEFENSE

AC 23, touch 13, flat-footed 20

(+4 armor, +3 Dex, +6 natural)

hp 48 (7d12+3); fast healing 5

Fort +7, **Ref** +7, **Will** +7

Defensive undead traits; **DR** 10/silver and
magic; **Resist** cold 10, electricity 10

Weakness vampiric weaknesses

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft., climb 20 ft.

Melee +1 *bastard sword* +14/+9 (1d10+12/
19–20) or

Melee slam +12 (1d6+6 plus energy drain)

Special Attacks blood drain, the calling, children
of the night, dominate (DC 14), energy drain
(DC 14 to remove), genuflection, rebuke
undead 4/day (+1, 2d6+4), smite 1/day (+4
attack, +3 damage)

Spells Prepared (CL 3rd):

2nd—*hold person* (DC 15), *invisibility**, *sound
burst* (DC 15)

1st—*doom* (DC 14), *inflict light wounds** (DC
14), *protection from good*, *shield of faith*

0—*detect magic*, *inflict minor wounds* (x2),
read magic

* Domain spell (Destruction, Trickery)

TACTICS

Before Combat The swordpriest casts *protection
from good* and *shield of faith* before combat if
given the chance (these are not factored in).

During Combat The swordpriest makes liberal
use of his calling and genuflection abilities,
drawing his enemies to him and then using
his Combat Reflexes to attack them as they
try to stand up. Early on in the fight he tries
to ascertain which opponent is the most
competent melee combatant. This person
he attempts to leave for last, so he can use
his Constitution drain to create his vampiric
replacement. All other enemies are slain
without mercy, using his spells, smite, and
slam attacks as needed.

Morale Unable to flee and unwilling to bargain,
the swordpriest fights to the death. Once
slain, he reverts to gaseous form and flees
through a hole in the floor of the chamber
to a crypt located 20 feet below, surrounded
by solid stone.

STATISTICS

Str 22, **Dex** 17, **Con** —, **Int** 12, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +6; **Grp** +12

Feats Alertness, Blind-Fight, Combat Reflexes,
Dodge, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (bastard
sword), Improved Initiative, Lightning
Reflexes, Mobility, Power Attack, Toughness,
Weapon Focus (bastard sword), Weapon
Specialization (bastard sword)

Skills Bluff +9, Climb +10, Concentration +6,
Hide +10, Knowledge (religion) +4, Listen
+17, Move Silently +10, Ride +8, Search +9,
Sense Motive +11, Spot +17

Languages Common

SQ alternate form, create spawn, gaseous
form, spider climb, spontaneous casting
(*inflict spells*)

Combat Gear *wand of inflict moderate wounds*
(CL 3rd, 42 charges); **Other Gear** +1 *bastard
sword*, masterwork chain shirt

SPECIAL

Children of the Night (Su) The swordpriest
does not use this ability.

24. A River Runs Through It (EL 9)

The rough stone floor of this room is bisected by a ten-foot-wide channel barely containing a torrent of dark, fetid water that ripples with oily colors and occasionally emits tiny sparks. At the western end of the channel, a waterfall plunges from a hole in the ceiling, filling the channel before rushing out through a dark opening in the western wall. The room is thick with mist, and a thin sheen of pale fungus coats every surface.

The water pouring into this room is used to help cool the reactor in area 12, and by the time it reaches here poisonous byproducts and magical effluvia contaminate it. A character touching the water must make a DC 25 Fortitude save or take 1 point of Constitution damage, as the magical runoff disrupts flesh. Characters immersed completely take 1d6 points of Constitution damage before becoming permanently immune to the water's effects. The chuuls that live in this room are already immune. The waterfall occupies the two squares of the channel closest to the western wall.

The current in the channel is strong. Characters failing DC 15 Swim checks are swept downstream at a rate of 15 feet per round, passing through the hole in the eastern wall and emerging into room 22, where the larger pool quickly dilutes

the polluted stream, which loses its magical properties.

All surfaces in this room are covered in a thin film of slimy fungus, increasing the DC of Balance, Climb, and Tumble checks by +5. Additionally, the thick fog gives creatures inside it a +4 bonus on Hide checks.

Creatures: This room is home to a pair of hungry chuuls that lurk beneath the surface in the 10-foot-deep channel.

CHUULS (2)

CR 7

hp 93; **MM** 35

TACTICS

During Combat Whenever possible, the chuuls attempt to use the dangerous water to their advantage, bull rushing opponents into the channel, grappling them and then entering the water, or dumping paralyzed opponents into the stream before returning to the fight.

Morale The chuuls fight to the death to defend their home.

Treasure: The bottom of the channel is the chuul's nest, which includes several noteworthy items accumulated over the years, including a *brooch of shielding* and *gloves of dexterity* +2, one of which still has a severed hand inside it.

25. Floating Staircase (EL 7)

The door here opens into empty space within an enormous cylinder twenty-five feet across. Narrow stone blocks float magically in the tube's center, unconnected and unsupported, creating a spiral staircase to the floor sixty feet below.

The stairs here rely on a variation of the magic of *immovable rods* and cannot be removed from this chamber without dispelling their magic. Standing on or moving at normal speed down these stairs requires a DC 10 Balance check, and failing by 5 or more means the character slips and must make a DC 20 Reflex save to land on a stair 20 feet down or fall all the way to the main floor. It takes 45 feet of movement (circumscribing a 15-foot-square) to descend 20 vertical feet and reach a point directly underneath the starting square.

Creature: An invisible stalker armed with a *ring of the ram* guards this chamber.

INVISIBLE STALKER

CR 7

hp 52; **MM** 160

TACTICS

Before Combat The invisible stalker floats near the top of the room, waiting for the PCs to get partway down the stairs before ambushing them.

During Combat The invisible stalker prefers to use its *ring of the ram* to knock PCs off of the stairs, starting with those in the bulkiest armor, and only uses its slams if this tactic appears ineffective. If the PCs escape the room it does not chase after them.

Morale The invisible stalker fights to the death to defend this room.

Treasure: As soon as the invisible stalker is slain, its *ring of the ram* falls to the floor with an audible clink.

26. Divide and Conquer (EL 8)

This T-shaped room contains three pedestals bearing large switches. Unlike the rest of the complex, the floor here is made of riveted sheets of metal. To the north and south, large steel double doors keep with the theme, with decorative rivets marking the silhouette of an owl.

Trap: As soon as anyone touches the doors to the south without first saying the proper password, both sets of doors immediately close and lock. To get them open, all three switches must be flipped at the same time—locking mechanisms in the pedestals keep the switches from flipping individually. Doing so unlocks the doors, but also springs the second half of the trap. Immediately upon the throwing of switches, *walls of fire* divide the room into three sections, as shown on the map. In addition, three summoned fire elementals appear, one near each switch, and attack the nearest creatures. As soon as the fire elementals are destroyed or disappear, the *walls of fire* end and the trap becomes dormant for 1 hour.

FIREFIGHT TRAP **CR 8**
Type magical; **Search** DC 32; **Disable Device** DC 32

EFFECTS

Trigger touch (door); **Reset** automatic after 1 hour
Effect Casts two *wall of fire* spells (CL 7th) that divide the room and then summons three Large fire elementals that last for 13 rounds, as per *summon monster VII* (CL 13th).

LARGE FIRE ELEMENTALS (3) **CR 5**

hp 60; MM 99

TACTICS

During Combat The summoned elementals do their best to keep any targets in the room separated by the *walls of fire*. If that fails, they station themselves in front of both sets of doors to prevent escape.

Morale The elementals fight to the death.

Steel doors: hardness 10; hp 60; break DC 28.

27. Pistoned Ochre Jelly (EL 8)

This plain stone room is unremarkable save for a dark rectangular pit that occupies the center of its tiled floor. A thick metal grating coated with a thin veneer of rust covers the top of the shaft, leaving only a few inches between each bar.

This room was created specifically to house an elaborate trap. The shaft in the center is 50 feet deep and lightless, making it hard to see the two jellies that linger below. The grating itself, mortared in place and sharpened on the bottom, can support thousands of pounds of weight. A 2-inch-wide metal seam in the ceiling above each entrance hides hidden iron doors, noticeable with a DC 20 Spot check.

Trap: As soon as any one of the squares adjacent to the gratings is touched the room begins to shake and rumble as the stone floor at the bottom of the shaft pistons upward to a point just below the grating and stops, forcing the two ochre jellies lounging at the bottom to squirt through the narrow holes in the gratings. In doing so, each jelly takes 1 point of slashing damage and promptly splits, creating two jellies with half their normal hit points.

In addition to the jelly trap, this room also contains six *shocking grasp* traps, each occupying a 5-foot marble floor tile as indicated on the map. A creature moving across one of the indicated squares triggers that particular trap. In addition to harassing the PCs, the electrical damage causes any jelly moving into or across that square to automatically split into two new jellies, as per its special ability.

SQUIRTING JELLY TRAP **CR 0**

Type magical; **Search** DC 26; **Disable Device** DC 26

EFFECTS

Trigger touch; **Reset** manual

Effect Piston rises forcing two ochre jellies into the room.

SHOCKING TILE TRAPS **CR 2**

Type magical; **Search** DC 26; **Disable Device** DC 26

EFFECTS

Trigger touch; **Reset** automatic

Effect *shocking grasp* (+10 melee touch, 4d6 electricity damage)

Iron Doors and Grate: 2 in. thick; hp 60; Hardness 10; break DC 24.

Creatures: The two ochre jellies propelled into the room by the piston trap are ravenous from their long captivity and immediately attack any living creatures in the room, pursuing any who flee to the best of their ability.

OCHRE JELLIES (2) **CR 5**

hp 69; MM 202

TACTICS

During Combat The oozes are straightforward fighters, constantly attempting to grapple enemies. They only resort to slam attacks if repeated grapple attempts against a given target prove ineffective.

Morale The oozes fight until destroyed.

28. Summoning Rift (EL 10)

Beyond the door's arch, a yawning crack in the stone floor slices a jagged scar across the chamber's stone floor. Acrid yellow smoke billows from the depths of that strange abyss, while tongues of black flame flicker from the edge of the crevasse. Across the chamber, against the west wall, two steep staircases extend to the edges of a large stone balcony. On the stairs and balcony, a half-dozen black-robed cultists stand with arms raised to the heavens, chanting a monotonous litany of profane pronouncements. Each casts furtive glances in the direction of the yellow smoke, where an unusual winged shadow begins to take form.

Each of the six cultists spaced throughout the room (two on the balcony, one on each stair, and one each in the northeast and southeast corners)

is involved in a complex arcane ritual meant to empower the creature they have summoned from the depths of the planar rift before them. This demon, a terrible vrock called by Tirana to serve her, thus enjoys several spell effects tied to the infernal chants. These effects last so long as the cultist associated with each effect continues chanting.

The planar rift within the crevasse leads to the Abyss, and any creature descending more than 10 feet into its smoky depths must make a DC 18 Will save to resist being drawn into the foreign plane with no obvious method of escape.

Creatures: A mighty vrock hides within the yellow smoke as the PCs arrive. Six cultists are arrayed throughout the room. The cultists cease their chanting only if killed or otherwise prevented from doing so. The spell effects associated with each cultist, starting in the northeast corner and moving clockwise, are: *bear's endurance*, *bull's strength*, *cat's grace*, *shield other*, *displacement*, *haste*. These effects are a special consequence of the planar rift spanning the floor of this chamber in

combination with the cultists' vile ritual, and cannot be duplicated elsewhere.

Vrock **CR 9**
hp 115; MM 48

TACTICS

During Combat Immediately after appearing, the vrock takes to the air and attempts to savage any obvious spellcasters with its natural attacks, moving adjacent to such enemies in order to take advantage of its spores attack.

Morale The summoned vrock fights until killed or dispatched to another plane.

NOTES

Spell Effects A brief summary of the vrock's current spell effects follows:

Bear's endurance: +4 Con. Modified stats: 125 hp; Fort +16; Stunning Screech DC 24.

Bull's strength: +4 Str. Modified stats: Base attack/grapple +12/+22; Attack: Claw +17 melee (2d6+8); Full Attack: 2 claws +17 melee (2d6+8) and bite +15 melee (1d8+5) and 2 talons +15 melee (1d6+5).

Cat's grace: +4 Dex. Modified stats: Ref+11; AC 24 (-1 size, +4 Dex, +11 natural), touch 13, flat-footed 20.

Shield other: +1 deflection bonus to AC, +1 resistance bonus on saves. The vrock takes only half damage from all wounds and attacks that deal hit point damage. Excess damage is applied to associated cultist.

Displacement: The vrock gains 50% miss chance as if it had total concealment.

Haste: One extra attack at highest bonus when taking full attack action. +1 bonus on attack rolls and +1 dodge bonus to AC and Reflex saves. Modified stats: 60 ft. (12 squares), fly 80 ft. (average).

CULTIST (6) **CR 2**

Male human cleric 2

CE Medium humanoid

Init -1; **Senses** Listen +2, Spot +2

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 9, flat-footed 17

(+8 armor, -1 Dex)

hp 19 (2d8+4+3)

Fort +5, **Ref** +1, **Will** +5

OFFENSE

Spd 20 ft.

Melee morningstar +2 (1d8+1)

Spells Prepared (CL 2nd; CL 3rd chaotic or evil spells):



1st—doom (DC 13), *inflict light wounds* (2, DC 13), *protection from good**
o—*detect magic*, *inflict minor wounds* (2, DC 12), *read magic*
* Domain spell (Chaos, Evil)

TACTICS

Before Combat The cultists cast *protection from good* upon themselves.

During Combat The cultists continue chanting with single-minded focus.

Morale The cultists continue chanting until they are killed or until they are prevented from doing so by the PCs, at which point they attempt to defend any still-chanting companions, sacrificing themselves if necessary to appease their summoned demon.

STATISTICS

Str 13, **Dex** 8, **Con** 14, **Int** 10, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +1; **Grp** +2

Feats Lightning Reflexes, Toughness

Skills Concentration +8, Knowledge (the planes) +6, Profession (cultist) +5.

Languages Common

Gear morningstar, full plate

Treasure: A golden symbol featuring a demoniac relief hangs from the wall at the center of the balcony. A collector might pay as much as 800 gp for it.

29. The Tortured Giant (EL 10)

A row of everburning torches along the west wall of this large chamber illuminates a pathetic scene. Two immense stone pillars stretch from floor to ceiling near the center of the room, each wrapped tightly with a taut chain connected to the wrists of a hulking giant in dented half-plate armor. The fire-haired brute hangs limply, almost on his knees, his eyes to the floor. The sound of heavy, belabored breathing fills the room.

This chamber serves as a prison for Gruenar, a dastardly fire giant formerly in Tirana's employ. When the brutish warrior attempted to betray his mistress two weeks ago, she had him chained to the pillars at the center of the room as punishment for his impudence. Occasionally, she or her favored minions venture to this room to taunt the proud warrior and scar his flesh with ice-cold branding irons.

Creature: Gruenar's recent ordeal has pushed him far into the realm of insanity, to the point at which reasoning with him

is utterly hopeless. His starting attitude is hostile. Characters who are able to change his attitude to friendly can talk with him for 1d6 rounds (he knows much of the layout of this level as well as Tirana's personal capabilities), but thereafter he flies into a rage, flexing his enormous muscles and straining against the chains that bind him to the pillars. This final exertion is all he needs to break free, for the pillars themselves snap from the exertion, triggering a collapse of masonry. Everyone in the room must make a successful DC 20 Reflex save to avoid taking 6d6 points of damage (those who save take half damage). Gruenar wields a long length of chain as an improvised weapon, gaining significant reach in the process. Once free, he engages the PCs in combat and does not stop fighting until he is slain.

GRUENAR, FIRE GIANT

CR 10

hp 142; **MM** 121

TACTICS

During Combat Gruenar wields an improvised iron chain; his attack statistics are as follows.

Melee improvised chain +16/+11/+6 (2d6+15):

Reach: 10 ft. (20 ft. with chain)

Morale Gruenar fights to the death.

30. Tirana's Living Quarters

This hidden chamber is simple but elegant, the walls covered in minimalist reed-mat paintings and tapestries. A high four-poster bed with a canopy rests at the far end, and a bookshelf, claw-foot bathtub, and desk covered in documents round out the furnishings.

This is Tirana's bedchamber. Locating the secret entrance from area 28 requires a DC 30 Search check, but inside Tirana makes no effort to conceal or trap her belongings. Most of her important or expensive items are carried on her person, but a DC 15 Search of the tomes and scrolls lying propped open on the desk reveals the same information as area 6.

Treasure: A *feather token* (whip) props open one of the scrolls, and a +1 *keen dagger* rests underneath one of the pillows on the bed. One of the desk drawers contains a *potion of cure serious wounds* and a *potion of fox's cunning*.

31. Enemy Mine (EL 9)

A dark, roiling mass of blood-red clouds and a barren landscape of bone-colored, sun-scorched earth can be seen through the flat portal dominating the center of this room. A maelstrom of wind and dirt spins rapidly around the edges and sends a choking cloud of dust continually spiraling upward about the chamber. In the four corners stand statues of strange, four-armed humanoids bearing bladed weapons and covered in bony spikes.

Creatures: The Council of Truth performed all manner of strange and inscrutable experiments during its time in this dungeon. This room serves as but one of many examples. Two guardian creatures are pent up in this room together: a xill and a destrachan. Mortal enemies on their home plane, the two are forced to work together here by ancient magic put in place by the council. When Tirana uncovered this room, she quickly charmed the creatures and ordered them to guard this chamber after it became apparent they could not leave.

The portal in the middle of the room provides a real-time window onto the battlefield the two were snatched from, placed there to further torment the prisoners. When the PCs arrive, the two are camped sullenly on opposite sides of the room, but they attack any intruders on sight, both guardians eager for a chance to vent their stymied rage on a third party.

A variant *silence* spell cast on them makes the walls, floor, and ceiling of this room immune to the destrachan's sonic attacks. The xill, for his part, retains the ability to planewalk, but he cannot leave for more than 3 rounds before the magic of the chamber compels him to return against his will. Both creatures have been stuck here for years.

K'KAREX

CR 6

hp 32; **MM** 259 (xill)

TACTICS

Before Combat The xill wears an amulet with *silence* cast on it that makes him immune to the destrachan's call. Upon detecting intruders, he planewalks and waits in the Ethereal Plane until the destrachan has used its first destructive harmonics (nerves) ability, then shifts back into a position that leaves the most spellcasters under his *silence*.



Designer Notes

BETTER LEFT UNSAID

I've always been a fan of the unexplained allusion. To me, the only thing cooler

than introducing a new race or location in detail is not explaining it. Sure, it can backfire, but when pulled off correctly such seemingly casual namedropping teases my imagination and gets my creative juices flowing, refusing to let me move on until my brain has filled in what the author chose not to. This adventure has several such references and loose ends—things like the tube to nowhere, or the factions referenced in the Kaer Maga description—and while I'll admit I'm itching to flesh them out, the main reason I was drawn to a hodgepodge city like Kaer Maga was because I knew that, no matter how much exposition it gets in the future, we'd never be able to detail all of the city's strange denizens. There would always be room for the DM to go off the map, catch the unexplained aside, or insert his own mysteries. And that, to me, is what cities are all about.

During Combat During combat, the xill maneuvers to keep his *silence* on the obvious spellcasters without overlapping the destrachan's call.

Morale When K'kareX reaches 10 hit points or fewer he planewalks for as long as possible, hoping the PCs move on before he's forced to return.

OURO CR 8
hp 60; MM 49 (destrachan)

TACTICS

Before Combat If aware of intruders before they enter, Ouro hides in a shadowy corner of the room. Once the entire party enters, he initiates combat with his destructive harmonics (nerves) ability.

During Combat During combat, the destrachan maneuvers away from the xill and focuses on disrupting the flesh and nerves of the frontline fighters, using his physical attacks only as a last resort.

Morale Ouro sees no escape from this situation and fights to the death, reveling in a chance to rend and destroy.

Treasure: In addition to his amulet featuring a permanent *silence* spell, K'kareX has a *ring of sustenance* he wears on one of his many claws. Ouro wears no gear, but petulantly guards a small pile of loot stolen from the xill in his corner, including a pouch of 200 gp and *bracers of armor* +2.

32. Gallery of Stone (EL 9)

This corridor is lined with alcoves containing statues of different breeds of humanoids, their faces contorted with horror. Many of the statues are missing limbs and other protuberances, and the floor is littered with cracked and shattered bits of stonework, as well as entire statues pulled down from their pedestals or seemingly deposited on the floor without ever having an intentional placement.

This hall started as a sort of art gallery for Tirana, a collection of all the foes she had captured and then petrified with a captive cockatrice, but the number of foes quickly outgrew the number of alcoves and she grew bored with the conceit. Since then she's had a few new additions dumped unceremoniously on the floor, but for the most part she leaves the room as a den for her pair of pet cockatrices and their caretakers. Every square in this section of the hall is considered rough terrain.

Creatures: A mated pair of pet cockatrices, which in a fit of whimsy Tirana named Wattles and Squeaker, has built a nest here among the crumbling remains of her opponents. Realizing that anything that could make it this deep into her dungeon would be more than a match for her pets, Tirana decided that it amused her to call two bralani eladrins and bind them here as bodyguards and glorified dogwalkers in exchange for secret information crucial to the celestial host.

The cockatrices are quick to attack anyone who enters the long hallway, hiding behind broken statues and darting out to use their petrifying bites to add to their collection. The bralanis, for their part, prefer to remain in whirlwind form. If confronted, the two are sheepish and encourage the PCs to flee, but continue to attack to the best of their ability due to their deal with Tirana.

As long as at least one bralani is in whirlwind form, the dust and broken statuary whipped up causes all creatures to suffer –2 penalties on Concentration, Search, and Spot checks. In addition, the flying shards of rock cause the bralani's whirlwind blast to deal an extra 1d6 points of damage.

WATTLES AND SQUEAKER CR 3
hp 27; MM 37 (cockatrices)

TACTICS

Before Combat The cockatrices prefer to hide among the statuary until an intruder draws close enough to bite without exposing themselves unduly.

During Combat Once battle is joined, the cockatrices prefer to stay out of the way and let the bralani handle things, occasionally flanking or nipping foes already occupied fighting the eladrins.

Morale The cockatrices are pugnacious and fight to the death to defend their den.

AERIEL AND TULANN CR 6
hp 45; MM 93 (bralani eladrin)

TACTICS

Before Combat Both bralanis remain in whirlwind form on either side of the hallway's terminus, mostly hidden by the alcoves.

During Combat The bralanis can fly with perfect maneuverability, allowing them to ignore the effects of the room's rough terrain. They do their best to remain out of melee range of their opponents unless the cockatrices are directly threatened, firing arrows or blasting foes with their whirlwind blasts or *lightning bolts* as appropriate. For the most part, the bralanis remain in whirlwind form, only changing to humanoid form if forced into melee.

Morale The bralanis have agreed to guard the cockatrices at the cost of their lives, although they may allow obviously good or diplomatic PCs to retreat, so long as they don't attempt to move deeper into the complex.

Note The bralanis' whirlwind attacks deal 4d6 points of damage due to flying stone and debris.

Treasure: Buried beneath a half-crumbled statue is +1 *light crossbow* with five +2 *flaming burst bolts* and a platinum circlet worth 1,500 gp clinging to a half-shattered stone head.

33. The Wishing Well (EL 9)

This massive, thirty-foot-tall cavern appears completely natural, save for the ornate circular cistern in its center. The stone lip surrounding this pool is several feet high and made entirely from jade carved in intricate and fanciful swirls, and appears to be the head of a well shaft drilled down into the cavern rock. Inside it, glowing lava bubbles and froths sluggishly, casting a blood-red light on the stone walls and occasionally spattering over the sides with a hiss.

Tirana likes to keep her pets comfortable and in this chamber has used magic to seal the room's heat inside its borders. Anyone crossing into the room is immediately struck by a blast of heat and takes 1d6 points of fire damage per minute (no save) from breathing the 150-degree air. In addition, anyone wearing metal armor or touching a metal weapon is affected as if by a *heat metal* spell. Characters adjacent to the pool of lava take 2d6 points of fire damage each round as bursts of molten rock spurt out to splash them, and anyone falling in takes 2od6 points of fire damage per round.

Creatures: Upon arriving in this room, the PCs confront two identical red dragons basking in the pool's heat. Only one of them is real. Revorax, a very young red dragon who Tirana has raised from hatching, is intensely loyal (most of the time) to his adopted mother. In order to keep him safe and entertained, Tirana has entrusted him with Surnom, her captive efreet, who spends much of his time lurking below the surface of the lava pool. Surnom has a rather low opinion of Revorax but must grant the dragon's wishes. The other dragon in the room is a permanent duplicate image of Revorax created by Surnom to confuse intruders and appeal to Revorax's vanity.

REBORAX	CR 6
Advanced male very young red dragon	
CE Large dragon (fire)	
Init +0; Senses blindsense 60 ft., darkvision 120 ft., keen senses, low-light vision; Listen +16, Spot +16	
DEFENSE	
AC 18, touch 9, flat-footed 18 (+9 natural, -1 size)	
hp 126 (12d12+48)	
Fort +12, Ref +8, Will +9	

Immune fire, paralysis, sleep
Weakness cold vulnerability

OFFENSE

Spd 40 ft., fly 150 ft. (poor)
Melee bite +13 (2d6+8) and 2 claws +11 (2d6+5) and 2 wings +11 (1d6+5) and tail slap +11 (1d8+10)
Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft. (bite 10 ft.)
Special Actions breath weapon (40 ft. cone, 4d10 fire, DC 20 Reflex save half)

TACTICS

During Combat Revorax takes full advantage of Surnom's ability to grant wishes. Sample wishes might include *incendiary cloud*, followed by *clenched fist* and *finger of death* (or *power word stun* if a PC ended his turn within reach). If hard pressed, he might use his final wish for *scintillating pattern*, *prismatic spray*, or *summon monster VIII* (1d4+1 chain devils, MM 53). Meanwhile, he opens combat with his breath weapon and uses it as often as possible, unless the PCs seem to be immune. He tries to bait the PCs into ending their turns next to him, so he can unload a full round of attacks into them using Power Attack for 3 points (already figured in above). He also uses Improved Bull Rush to push vulnerable characters into the lava pool.

Morale Having never met an opponent anywhere near his strength, Revorax cannot conceive the prospect of failure and fights until slain.

STATISTICS

Str 21, **Dex** 10, **Con** 18, **Int** 12, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 12
Base Atk +12; **Grp** +21
Feats Cleave, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Natural Attack (claw), Multiattack, Power Attack
Skills Appraise +16, Balance +7, Bluff +16, Listen +16, Search +16, Sense Motive +16, Spot +16
Languages Common, Draconic, Ignan

SURNOM	CR 8
hp 65; MM 115 (efreet)	

TACTICS

Before Combat Surnom prefers spending his time buried deep in the well of lava, relaxing and doing his best to ignore Revorax.
During Combat Surnom emerges from the pool on the first round of combat and hovers near the ceiling (20 feet up), granting Revorax's wishes, as well as firing off quickened *scorching rays*.

Morale Surnom is compelled to protect Revorax and fights to the death.

Treasure: As Revorax has never had the chance to acquire a horde of his own, Tirana has made a passing effort to supply him with one, and a small pile of 150 platinum pieces and a +1 *ghost touch mace* lie in a corner, covered by a heat-damaged tapestry weighing 40 pounds and depicting another red dragon terrorizing a countryside.

34. Tube to Nowhere

A narrow crack in the stone here opens up into an enormous tube running northwest to southeast. In both directions, the tube is straight and featureless until vision eventually gives in to the prevailing darkness. The tube itself is cylindrical and, although made out of stone, has been cut as smooth as glass, with only the single crack marring its surface.

This tube extends without incident for miles in either direction, and further investigation is beyond the scope of this adventure. A DC 15 Spot check, however, is enough to notice that the tube does not appear to contain a single speck of dust other than that which the PCs themselves track in.

35. The Vanishing Stones (EL 8)

The floor of this large natural cavern is composed of two rocky shelves separated by a subterranean stream that flows gently from north to south. The passage into this room opens onto the western shelf, which is bare and flat save for three stone outcroppings. These stones are several feet high and so smooth as to be shiny, twisted into strangely organic bulbs and swirls that make them look like solidified liquid. On the eastern side of the shelf, an arch of stone spanning the stream leads up to the second shelf, which rises an extra five feet above the stream. Unlike the rest of the area, this arch has obviously been worked, crafted into a set of beautiful stone stairs. A low hum fills the chamber.

Characters entering this area can see Tirana conducting her ritual on the higher shelf, and vice versa. Unless the PCs directly molest her from here, Tirana ignores them for the time being, trusting her guardians

and magical traps to protect her and preferring to concentrate on completing her ritual.

The three stones in this room are a thaumaturgic anomaly. Powered by the generator in area 12, these stones create a number of magical effects. Tirana herself doesn't know whether the stones are relics of experiments conducted in the complex in ages long past or a naturally occurring phenomenon. Either way, she finds them extremely useful.

Acting together, the three stones generate three magical fields. The first causes any spell or spell-like ability cast on the west half of this chamber to fail, its power drawn into the stones. Keep note of any such spells drawn into the stones, as Tirana can draw these powers from them and cast them herself (as per a *ring of spell storing*). The second field creates an impassible barrier located directly over the stream, similar to a *wall of force*. The third creates a *dimensional lock* effect on the eastern half of the room. These

stones normally have hardness 10 and 1,500 hit points apiece, but while generating the fields their hardness increases to 20. Shutting down the reactor in area 12 deactivates them, which cancels all the fields but still allows Tirana to draw forth the spells captured by the stones.

Creatures: In addition to the hazard created by the stones, Tirana has bound three earth elementals to guard this room in perpetuity, under the command of her mewling, sycophantic assistant Upar. The three remain on their home plane until summoned by Upar, fighting until they defeat their foes and then return home. Despite similarities to a standard summoning, this pact only affects the three elementals who entered into the agreement with Tirana. The same three always answer the summons, so damage dealt to them heals at the normal rate (i.e., they might not always appear with full hit points, especially if summoned more than once in a day), and once they die no more elementals arrive.

LARGE EARTH ELEMENTALS CR 5
hp 68; MM 97

TACTICS

During Combat The earth elementals attack any creature entering the room.

Morale The earth elementals cannot be reasoned with and fight to the death.

UPAR CR 1/4

Male kobold warrior 1

hp 4; MM 161

TACTICS

During Combat Upar hides in a crevasse in the back wall throughout the combat and avoids conflict at all costs.

Morale Upar immediately surrenders if even threatened with violence or if the elementals are slain.

Devlopments: Upar throws himself at the mercy of the PCs. This defection does not bother Tirana, who is deep into her ritual to unlock the power of the swords. Coy at first about what he knows, Upar readily betrays his mistress if threatened or harmed in



any way. He knows how to shut down the generator and gladly tells the PCs how so long as he might do so out of Tirana's earshot. Tirana does not know that Upar knows how to shut down the reactor and he would prefer to keep it that way, just in case his mistress defeats the PCs.

36. Seven Swords of Sin (EL 11)

Up a short flight of stairs stretches a long flat ledge, pocked in several places by geysers hissing steam. To the north stands a waist-high stone altar, and on the bare stone in front of it a seven-pointed star glows blood red, a lit candle at every point. In the air above each of six candles floats a sword, point down and faintly radiating the same red light. The space above the seventh candle stands noticeably empty. Cords of bright red energy occasionally reach out, tentacle-like, from the glowing lines and stroke the swords languorously before falling back into the seemingly solid stone.

Every round, one randomly determined geyser in this room erupts, dealing 4d6 points of fire damage to anyone within 5 feet. A DC 20 Reflex save halves this damage. As long as Tirana lives, the floating swords remain immobile and anyone attempting to grab one is swatted by a red tendril of energy for 4d6 points of electricity damage.

Creature: Almost a decade ago, while exploring a ruined monastery, Tirana stumbled across an ancient tome discussing the *sword of lust* and became intrigued. As she slowly uncovered more of its history, that interest became an obsession, leading her to seek it out and steal it from the clerics of Abadar. Even after she managed to awaken the sword, her thirst for power was not slaked. Using the *sword of lust* as a guide, she managed to locate and steal the other six swords.

When the PCs arrive, Tirana is in the process of awakening the other six *alara'hai*. Although no single person can link to more than one sword, once she manages to awaken the other six via an involved magical ceremony requiring several more hours, Tirana ambitiously plans to try and enslave them to her own sword, boosting its power to unthinkable levels. If the PCs manage to reach this room and interrupt the ceremony by distracting her, she flies into a rage and attacks, screaming, "Behold, mortals! This day I claim the throne of the

ancients and establish a new empire. Kneel before your goddess!"

TIRANA

Female human wizard 11
LE Medium humanoid
Init +7; **Senses** Listen +6, Spot +13

DEFENSE

AC 22, touch 16, flat-footed 19
(+6 armor, +3 deflection, +3 Dex)
hp 60 (11d4+22 +11 temporary hp)
Fort +12, **Ref** +13, **Will** +16
Defensive *fire shield* (1d6+11 fire damage), *freedom of movement*; **DR** 10/adamantine;
Immune cold, fear; **Resist** acid 30, fire 30

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft.
Melee *sword of lust* +8 (1d8+3/19–20 plus 1d6 fire plus *charm monster*)
Spells Prepared (CL 11th, +12 ranged touch):
6th—*disintegrate* (DC 21), *greater heroism*
5th—*baleful polymorph* (DC 20), empowered *fireball* (DC 20), *hold monster* (DC 22), quickened *magic missile*
4th—*charm monster* (DC 21), *dimension door*, empowered *scorching ray*, *fire shield*, *stoneskin*
3rd—*dispel magic*, *fireball* (DC 18), *hold person* (2, DC 20), *lightning bolt* (DC 18, 35 damage), *slow* (DC 18)
2nd—*hideous laughter* (DC 19), *levitate*, *resist energy* (2), *scorching ray* (2)
1st—*charm person* (DC 18), *magic missile* (4), *shield*
0—*daze* (DC 17), *detect magic*, *light*, *mage hand*, *read magic*

TACTICS

Before Combat Once Tirana senses that the fields in area 35 no longer protect her, she casts all of the spells marked above, saving *fire shield* for last, just as the PCs enter the room.

During Combat When combat begins, Tirana opens up with her most powerful spells, starting with a quickened *fireball* (using her rod) and *disintegrate*. On following rounds she uses *baleful polymorph*, empowered *fireball*, and *hold monster* as quickly as possible, while using her rod to cast lower-level spells such as *lightning bolt* and *slow*. She also uses her *cloak of nightmares* to summon nightmare bats to act as blockers and keep the PCs from engaging her directly.

Morale If dropped to below 10 hp, Tirana uses her *dimension door* to escape (assuming the thaumaturgic stones have been deactivated), taking the *sword of lust* with her.

STATISTICS

Str 12, **Dex** 16, **Con** 14, **Int** 20, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 18
Base Atk +5; **Grp** +6

Feats Empower Spell, Greater Spell Focus (enchantment), Improved Initiative, Quicken Spell, Spell Focus (enchantment)

Skills Concentration +20, Knowledge (arcane) +23, Spellcraft +23, Spot +13, Tumble +14

Combat Gear *cloak of nightmares*, lesser *metamagic rod of quicken*; **Other Gear** *bodice of resistance* +3 (as cloak, but shirt slot), *bracers of armor* +6, *headband of intellect* +4, *ring of freedom of movement*, *ring of protection* +3

Treasure: As soon as the PCs kill Tirana or she flees, the ritual is broken and the six floating swords drop to the floor (see The Other Swords sidebar on page 29) while the seven-pointed rune on the floor gradually fades into nothingness.

CONCLUSION

Whether or not she escapes, defeating Tirana at this crucial juncture throws her plans into disarray. The Church of Abadar happily receives the *sword of lust* and any other *alara'hai* the PCs bring back, promising that it has greatly improved security and that the items could only be safer in the First Vault itself. Although the PCs might convince the priests to allow them to safeguard one of the weapons, if the PCs try to withhold one or more of the swords the church eventually finds out and quietly puts plans into motion to retrieve them at all costs—including the lives of the PCs themselves. Even more than the potential threat the swords might pose if left at large, church officials worry about rumblings from the mountains to the north and west; rumors of giants, and of war.

APPENDIX 1 : KAER MAGA

Kaer Maga. Over the centuries, it has borne many titles—the Asylum Stone, the City on the Cliff, and the Hex—but somehow, although the language that spawned it has watched its books crumble and tongues turn to dust, the original name persists. Those who dwell there use the name almost instinctively, without understanding its meaning or where it came from. And that, perhaps, is the city's entire story.

Little is known about Kaer Maga's original purpose, but its age and scale leave little doubt that the Thassilonian Empire

constructed it. Only that empire, with its penchant for monoliths and arches capable of blotting out the sun, could have attempted a project of such audacity: a six-sided ring of seamless stone, stretching more than a half mile in diameter and topped with towers and minarets of every shape and design. To the south, the shining white walls extend right to the edge of the Storval Ridge, the sheer cliff below it broken only by waterfalls fed by the many springs that make the city habitable. On the other sides, trade routes unfurl in the cardinal directions and dozens of lesser roads extend like roots into the fields, where citizens plant and sow in the bare soil along the edge of the plateau.

Although from a distance the city appears blank and severe, up close it is anything but. While most of the Ring's 80-foot-high outer wall remains structurally sound, doors of every shape and size burrow through the sheer man-made cliff, while from windows farther up droop a tangle of knotted ropes and ladders, baskets, and dumbwaiters. Inside the long halls and cavernous chambers of the Ring, even that much uniformity breaks down. In some districts, ambitious residents make their homes on precarious balconies protruding from the wall or attempt to repair damaged stone floors using massive timbers. In others, they simply build their shops and churches from the ground up, as they would anywhere, paying no mind to the vast ceiling that keeps them in perpetual twilight. In still other neighborhoods, the residents have forsaken construction altogether and choose instead to filter down into the vast network of catacombs and underground chambers that extends into the cliff itself. Most of these, however, restrict themselves to the first few levels of the subterranean estates. For although nobody knows how far the caverns and tunnels extend, everyone knows that those who venture too often into the darkness beneath Kaer Maga come back changed and broken—or not at all.

Visitors to Kaer Maga generally enter through the district known as the Warren. This area, on the northeast side of the city's hexagonal perimeter, is the only spot where the Ring has been broken, shattered completely by some ancient and unknown force. In its place, centuries' worth of the city's poorest citizens have built an enormous structure of rubble and wooden scaffolding, a vertical shantytown of epic proportions.

Corridors here are narrow and crooked, with bridges frequently of little more than loose planks spanning drops of several stories. Through this, however, the residents of the Warren scamper with reckless confidence, priding themselves on their ability to navigate the cramped maze. Although in theory no different from the humans living elsewhere in the city, Warrenfolk suffer from an abnormally high rate of birth defects, possibly due to fallout from whatever force destroyed the Ring, and as a result tend to be greasy and rat-faced. "Ugly as a Warren rat's daughter," is a common insult in other districts.

Once through the Warren, visitors enter the Core, Kaer Maga's open center. It's here that most trading with outsiders occurs, among the cluttered stalls and wagons of Downmarket or the rowdy bordellos and offbeat temples of Hospice. In the center stands the city's unnamed central lake, fed by underground springs and the numerous streams flowing through man-made channels that bring life to the enclosed parts of the city. As the only section of the city to receive natural light on a regular basis, the Core is generally treated as neutral ground by the various gangs and factions within it. The comparatively few permanent residents of the Core represent some of the wealthiest people in Kaer Maga, second only to those plutocrats who make their homes in the lofty spires of Highside Stacks.

The markets in the Core and on the bridges of Cavalcade are a riot of citizens from all cultures, thrust together in this ancient palace. The humans: the Ardoc family of south Bis, their chisels displayed prominently on their belts; the Brothers of the Seal in their brown robes, ready to rend each other's flesh over whether or not they should open the great portal they guard somewhere deep in the caverns beneath Oriat; and the gently whistling Sweettalkers of the far east, their lips sewn shut to keep them from uttering anything less than the truename of their god, of which they themselves are not worthy. And the nonhumans: the troll seers who predict the future, casting auguries with their own innards; the wormfolk, of whom the less said the better; and the Bloated Ones, with the jars of leeches that keep them alive and sane. Citizens of Kaer Maga, every one.

Befitting such a varied and tribal lot, a loose consortium of gangs and families nominally rules the people of Kaer

Maga. Populated by an age's worth of squatters, the city has grown to relish its anarchic existence, welcoming the outcasts and rebels, the heretics and dissidents. With each new wave of settlers, the city's culture swells, ripe with a bevy of new taboos and indulgences. In this environment anything goes, and the merchants who seek it out understand that in such a melting pot you can always find someone to satisfy your needs. While one faction occasionally oversteps its bounds and is put down by the others, for the most part the motto of Kaer Maga is "Your business is your business." It acts as a haven for those who would prefer the outer world to forget about them, and its streets run thick with secrets.



KAER MAGA

Size nonstandard (anarchic); **AL** CN

GP Limit 15,000 gp; **Assets** 6,000,000 gp

DEMOGRAPHICS

Population 8,000

Type Integrated (human 70%, dwarf 7%, elf 5%, gnome 5%, orc 5%, halfling 3%, other 5%)

NOTES

Due to the constantly shifting tribal power dynamic, authority figures are not listed.

APPENDIX 2: NEW MONSTERS

Granule Construct Swarm

A faint buzz fills the air as a dark cloud of smoke or dust gathers out of nowhere, swirling amorphously, then suddenly darts forward with purpose.

GRANULE CONSTRUCT SWARM **CR 6**

N Fine construct (swarm)

Init +10; **Senses** blindsight 100 ft.; **Listen** +6, **Spot** +6

DEFENSE

AC 24, **touch** 24, **flat-footed** 18

(+6 **Dex**, +8 **size**)

hp 55 (10d10); **fast healing** 1

Fort +3, **Ref** +9, **Will** +9

Defensive construct traits, dispersion; **DR** 10/magic; **Immune** weapon damage; **Resist** fire 10

OFFENSE

Spd 0 ft., **Fly** 40 ft. (perfect)

Melee swarm (2d6)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 0 ft.

Special Attacks distraction, infest

STATISTICS

Str 1, **Dex** 22, **Con** —, **Int** 6, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +7; **Grp** –14

Feats Ability Focus (distraction), Ability Focus (infest), Alertness, Iron Will

Skills **Hide** +29, **Listen** +6, **Move Silently** +12, **Spot** +6

SQ construct traits, hive mind, swarm traits

SPECIAL

Dispersion (Ex) As an immediate action, a swarm can disperse into the air around it, expanding to fill any area up to a 30-foot square. While dispersed, the swarm deals no damage and may not use its special abilities, but it is able to immediately hide in plain sight with a +10 bonus and takes only the standard amount of damage from area effects. Once dispersed, it takes the swarm 2 rounds to coalesce again, during which time it cannot attack. A granule

construct swarm can remain in its dispersed state indefinitely.

Distraction (Ex) Any living creature that begins its turn with a granule construct swarm in its space must succeed on a DC 17 Fortitude save or be nauseated for 1 round. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Hive Mind (Ex) Any granule construct swarm with at least 1 hit point per hit die forms a hive mind, giving it an intelligence of 6. When a granule construct swarm is reduced below this threshold, it becomes mindless. In addition, a granule construct swarm shares its collective consciousness with any granule construct hosts within 100 feet. As long as it remains in contact, the hosts cannot be flanked, and if one of them is aware of an enemy, they all are.

Infest (Ex) As a standard action, a granule construct swarm may attempt to infest a living creature whose square it inhabits. The targeted creature must make a DC 17 Fortitude save or gain the granule construct host template, as a portion of the granule construct swarm invades and begins reproducing inside its body. The transformation takes 1 minute, during which time the host is incapacitated as its body warps and spasms. A *remove disease* or *heal* spell cast on a granule construct host forces the swarm to abandon the body, removing the template. The save DC is Constitution-based.

ECOLOGY

Environment Living hosts in any climate

Organization Solitary or hive (2–4)

Treasure None

Alignment Always N

Advancement —

Granule construct swarms are the product of powerful artificers pushing the boundaries of their craft. Alone, each individual is a barely sentient construct so tiny as to be practically invisible, a speck of dust that moves under its own power. Brought together by the thousands into a swarm, however, the complex linking of simple systems creates an emergent consciousness of humanlike intelligence, although alien enough to make communication nearly impossible. Granule construct swarms exist solely to infest larger living organisms and reproduce in the relative safety and comfort provided by their bodies. Capable of repairing and replicating out of the raw elements around them, granule constructs within a host are almost unstoppable

THE OTHER SWORDS

While all six of the other *alara'hai* were originally as powerful as the *sword of lust*, eons of disuse caused their powers to ebb and grow dormant. Reawakening them completely requires extreme levels of magic, and at the moment Tirana has only succeeded in reintroducing a fraction of their power. Each currently acts as a +1 *sword*. Although the PCs would need to do significant research to learn even their names (requiring three to five Knowledge checks performed in a large library), the weapons are as follows.

Name	Weapon	Sin
Garvok	greatsword	wrath
Shin-tari	short sword	sloth
Tannaris	bastard sword	envy
Chellan	scimitar	greed
Baraket	rapier	pride
Ungarato	falchion	gluttony

through physical means, burrowing their way into flesh and sending signals through the bloodstream. Once safely ensconced, granule construct swarms modify their hosts to maximize survival potential, a trait that leads certain people to intentionally cultivate granule construct swarms inside themselves, despite the resulting deformities. Energy damage to a host damages the granule construct swarm equally, but normal weapon damage does not. Granule constructs can vacate dead or dying creatures whenever they so choose, emerging as a standard swarm.

Environment: Although created in arcane laboratories, granule construct swarms can travel anywhere safe to their host creatures.

Typical Physical Characteristics: Up close, each microscopic granule construct appears as a silver sphere with an all-purpose orifice at one end that it uses to gather information, take in nutrients, and focus the electromagnetic charges that propel it through the air. At the opposite end emerges a single manipulator claw. In a swarm, they appear as a dense cloud, somewhere between dust and a shadow, that constantly shifts shape and emits a faint hum.

Creating a Granule Construct Host

Once inside a host's body, a granule construct swarm makes a number of modifications

which it finds beneficial, toughening it and making it more aware to ensure maximum survival. “Granule construct host” is an acquired template that can be added to any corporeal aberration, animal, dragon, fey, giant, humanoid, magical beast, monstrous humanoid, or vermin (referred to hereafter as the base creature). Granule construct hosts use all of the base creature’s statistics except as noted below.

Armor Class: Creatures with this template gain +2 to their natural armor bonus as their skin thickens and toughens.

Attack: A granule construct host retains all the attacks of the base creature and also gains a claw attack if it didn’t already have one. If the base creature can use weapons, the granule construct host retains this ability. A creature with natural weapons retains those natural weapons. A granule construct host fighting without weapons uses either its claw attack or its primary natural weapon (if it has any). A granule construct host armed with a weapon uses its claw or a weapon, as it desires.

Damage: Granule construct hosts have 2 claw attacks. If the base creature does not have this attack form, use the appropriate damage value from the table below according to the granule construct host’s size. Creatures that have other kinds of natural weapons retain their old damage values or use the appropriate value from the table below, whichever is better.

Size	Damage
Fine	1
Diminutive	1d2
Tiny	1d3
Small	1d4
Medium	1d6
Large	1d8
Huge	2d6
Gargantuan	2d8
Colossal	4d6

Special Attack: A granule construct host retains all the special attacks of the base creature and gains infest.

Infest (Ex): Once per week, a granule construct host may make a touch attack to allow the swarm inhabiting it to split and infest another creature. If it succeeds, both creatures become infested, otherwise the granule constructs remain in the pre-existing host.



Special Qualities: A granule construct host retains all the special qualities of the base creature and gains those described below.

Uncanny Dodge (Ex): Granule construct swarms retain an awareness of their surroundings even while inhabiting a body, and as a result granule construct hosts retain their Dexterity bonus to AC even if caught flat-footed or attacked by an invisible opponent, although they still lose their Dexterity bonus if immobilized.

Blindsight: To a range of 100 feet.

Hive Mind (Ex): While a creature hosting a granule construct swarm normally maintains free will, the swarm living inside maintains contact with any other granule construct swarms or hosts within 100 feet and shares this link in brief, painful flashes. As long as one of the connected creatures is not flanked, none of them are, and if one is aware of a foe, all are.

In addition, if at any point a granule construct swarm infesting a host body feels threatened, it may attempt to take over control of the host’s body. At that point, the host must make a DC 15 Will save or obey the swarm’s commands for 1d10 rounds, which normally translates to attacking or fleeing from the source of the overwhelming threat.

Abilities: Modify from the base creature as follows: +2 Con, –6 Cha (minimum of 1).

A granule construct host’s body twists into a monstrous mockery of its former shape, all bulging veins and dark shadows moving beneath their skin.

Challenge Rating: As base creature.

Note: A sample granule construct host appears in area 20, on page 17.

Nightmare Bats

This man-sized monstrosity resembles a great leathery bird of prey with bat wings and black-and-red skin. Red eyes burn above a serrated beak as it swoops forward, screaming out a hunting call.

NIGHTMARE BATS CR 3

NE Medium outsider (evil, extraplanar)

Init +4; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., blindsense 30 ft.; **Listen** +9, **Spot** +9

DEFENSE

AC 16, **touch** 14, **flat-footed** 12

(+4 Dex, +2 natural)

hp 27 (5d8+5)

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

DR 5/magic; **Resist** cold 10, electricity 10, fire 20

OFFENSE

Spd 10 ft., fly 30 ft. (good)

Melee bite +9 (1d6+1 plus poison)

Special Attacks poison (DC 15, initial and secondary 1d4 Wis)

Spell-Like Ability (CL 5th):

1/day—*cause fear* (DC 12)

STATISTICS

Str 12, **Dex** 19, **Con** 13, **Int** 7, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 10
Base Atk +5; **Grp** +2
Feats Ability Focus (poison), Weapon Finesse
Skills Hide +16, Listen +9, Move Silently +12, Search +6, Spot +9, Tumble +12
Languages Infernal

ECOLOGY

Environment Hell
Organization Flight (3–5) or brood (6–12)
Treasure Standard
Alignment Always neutral evil
Advancement 6–10 HD (Medium)

Nightmare bats serve the role as vultures of Hell, swooping low over the dark fields and feasting on the souls of the damned. Cowardly at heart, they travel in flights and target weak prey: the souls evil enough to warrant damnation but too weak to defend themselves adequately. If confronted by stronger opponents they first attempt to chase away the foes with their *cause fear*, then attack en masse in the hopes their poison balances the fight. Nightmare bats are malicious and vengeful, and gleefully answer summons to the Material Plane if it means a chance to slaughter and lord their power over mortals.

Nightmare bats can be summoned using *summon monster IV*.

Physical Characteristics: Nightmare bats resemble naked, fiendish vultures with enormous bat wings whose thin membranes have a tendency to tear, giving them a tattered, undead appearance. Their skin is dark, usually some combination of red and black, and their beaks are powerful and serrated. Each nightmare bat is approximately six feet long from beak to tail, with a wingspan half again that.

APPENDIX 3: NEW MAGIC ITEMS

ASHEIA, SWORD OF LUST

Aura Strong enchantment; **CL** 16th
Slot —; **Price** —

DESCRIPTION

This beautiful blade is a +2 *flaming longsword*. Whenever it strikes an opponent, the target must make a DC 20 Will save or fall under the effects of a *charm monster*, treating you as a close friend. Only one creature can be charmed in this way at a time. If another creature becomes charmed by the sword, the first is freed from this effect. If the sword instead scores a critical hit, the target must make a DC 25 Will save or be affected by a *dominate monster*, obeying your every command.



CLOAK OF NIGHTMARES

Aura Strong conjuration; **CL** 14th
Slot back; **Price** 30,000 gp

DESCRIPTION

The beauty of this red cloak hides its sinister nature, as at any moment it is capable of shredding into numerous hideous creatures known as nightmare bats. As a free action, you can release 1d4 nightmare bats. These bats remain until destroyed and can be recalled into the cloak as a move action. Bats recalled to the cloak are healed of all damage after 1 hour. A newly crafted *cloak of nightmares* contains eight bats. When a bat is destroyed completely before it can be recalled, it cannot be replaced and the cloak's upper limit is reduced by one.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *summon monster VI*; **Cost** 18,000 gp, 1,200 XP

CULLING GOGGLES

Aura faint necromancy; **CL** 3rd
Slot goggles; **Price** 9,000 gp

DESCRIPTION

These goggles have dark, almost black lenses bound in brown leather cured from the skin of a sentient humanoid. Wearing these goggles lets you view your surroundings as if under the constant effect of a *deathwatch* spell extending 30 feet. Additionally, three times per day, you may touch a creature and trigger a *death knell* effect, as the spell.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *death knell*, *deathwatch*; **Cost** 4,500 gp, 360 XP

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Valeros
MALE HUMAN FIGHTER 8

ALIGN NG INIT +7 SPEED 20 ft.

ABILITIES

15	STR
17	DEX
14	CON
13	INT
8	WIS
10	CHA

DEFENSE

HP 63
AC 20
touch 13, flat-footed 17
Fort +9, Ref +6, Will +2

OFFENSE

Melee +1 frost longsword +13 (1d8+5 plus 1d6 cold/19–20)
Melee +1 frost longsword +11/+6 (1d8+5 plus 1d6 cold/19–20) and +1 shortsword +9/+4 (1d6+2/19–20)
Ranged +1 shortbow +12/+7 (1d6+3/×3)

SKILLS

Climb	+10
Intimidate	+11
Ride	+14
Swim	+7

FEATS

Combat Expertise, Greater Weapon Focus (longsword), Improved Initiative, Improved Two-Weapon Fighting, Power Attack, Two-Weapon Defense, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Focus (longsword), Weapon Specialization (longsword)



Combat Gear elixir of fire breath, potion of cure serious wounds (3); **Other Gear** amulet of health +2, backpack, +1 breastplate, +1 cloak of resistance, gauntlets of ogre power, +1 frost longsword, +1 shortbow with 20 arrows, rations (6), silk rope, silver dagger, +1 shortsword, 157 gp



Seoni
FEMALE HUMAN SORCERER 8

ALIGN LN INIT +2 SPEED 30 ft.

ABILITIES

8	STR
14	DEX
12	CON
10	INT
13	WIS
19	CHA

DEFENSE

HP 29
AC 17
touch 13, flat-footed 15
Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +7

OFFENSE

Melee quarterstaff +3 (1d6–1)
Ranged mwk dagger +7 (1d4–1/19–20)
Spells Known (CL 8th, +6 ranged touch):
4th (4/day)—wall of fire
3rd (5/day)—haste, lightning bolt (DC 18)
2nd (7/day)—invisibility, scorching ray, web (DC 16)
1st (7/day)—burning hands (DC 16), enlarge person, grease (DC 15), magic missile, shield
0 (6/day)—acid splash, detect magic, flare (DC 15), light, mage hand, mending, prestidigitation, read magic

SKILLS

Bluff	+15
Concentration	+15
Spellcraft	+11

FEATS

Dodge, Extend Spell, Skill Focus (Concentration), Spell Focus (evocation)



Combat Gear potion of cure serious wounds (2), scroll of fireball, scroll of fly, tanglefoot bag, wand of magic missile (CL 3rd, 50 chrg); **Other Gear** backpack, bracers of armor +4, cloak of charisma +2, everburning torch, mwk dagger, quarterstaff, rations (4), ring of protection +1, 34 gp



Kyra
FEMALE HUMAN CLERIC 8

ALIGN NG INIT –1 SPEED 20 ft.

ABILITIES

14	STR
8	DEX
14	CON
10	INT
18	WIS
12	CHA

DEFENSE

HP 55
AC 21
touch 11, flat-footed 21
Fort +9, Ref +2, Will +13

OFFENSE

Melee +1 scimitar +10/+5 (1d6+2/18–20)
Special Attacks greater turning 1/day, turn undead 4/day (+3, 2d6+9)
Spells Prepared (CL 7th, +5 ranged touch):
4th—div. power, fire shield*, free. of move.
3rd—prayer (2), pro. energy, searing light* (2)
2nd—bull's strength, heat metal* (DC 16), lesser restoration, spiritual weapon (2)
1st—bless, command (DC 15), cure light wounds*, remove fear (2), shield of faith
0—detect magic (2), light (2), read magic (2)
* domain spell (healing, sun)

SKILLS

Concentration	+13
Heal	+15
Knowledge (religion)	+11

FEATS

Combat Casting, Iron Will, Martial Weapon Proficiency (scimitar), Weapon Focus (scimitar)



Combat Gear holy water (3), scroll of flame strike, wand of cure moderate wounds (50 chrg); **Other Gear** backpack, +2 chainmail, cloak of resistance +1, healer's kit, +1 heavy steel shield, periapt of wisdom +2, ring of protection +2, +1 scimitar, silver holy symbol (everburning torch), 328 gp



Meriel
FEMALE ELF ROGUE 8

ALIGN CN INIT +5 SPEED 30 ft.

ABILITIES

12	STR
20	DEX
13	CON
8	INT
13	WIS
10	CHA

DEFENSE

HP 38
AC 20
touch 15, flat-footed 15
Fort +5, Ref +13, Will +5 (+2 vs enchantment)
Defensive Abilities evasion, improved uncanny dodge

OFFENSE

Melee +1 keen rapier +12/+7 (1d6+2/15–20)
Ranged dagger +11/+6 (1d4+1/19–20)
Special Attacks sneak attack +4d6

SKILLS

Climb	+6
Disable Device	+9
Hide	+19
Jump	+8
Listen	+10
Move Silently	+14
Open Lock	+10
Search	+10
Spot	+10
Tumble	+18

FEATS

Dodge, Mobility, Weapon Finesse



Combat Gear potion of cure serious wounds (2), potion of invisibility (3); **Other Gear** amulet of natural armor +1, backpack, cloak of resistance +2, daggers (6), gloves of dexterity +2, grappling hook, +1 keen rapier, +1 shadow studded leather armor, silk rope, thieves tools, 243 gp

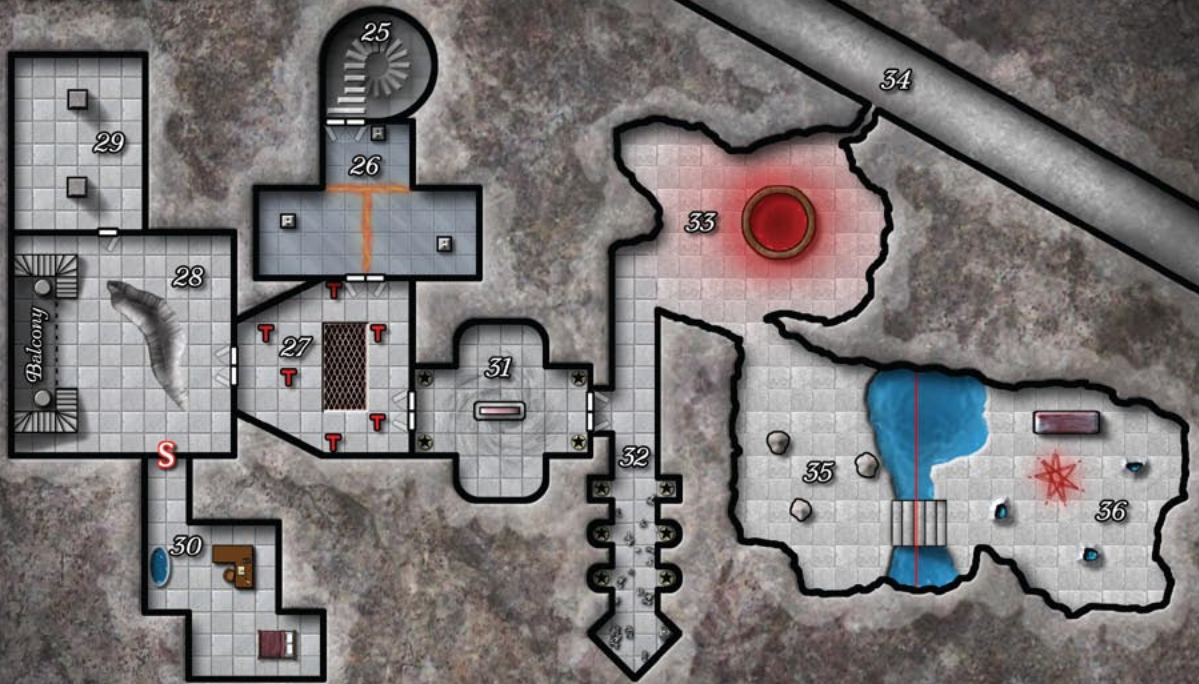
Level 2



1 square = 5 feet



Level 3



1 square = 5 feet



SEVEN SINFUL SWORDS STOLEN

GameMastery Module

D2: Seven Swords of Sin

A powerful seductress has stolen seven mighty blades, each tied to a deadly sin, and secreted them away to her monster-infested dungeon. Located in Kaer Maga, one of the most dangerous cities in all of Varisia, the trap-laden halls must be overcome before the sorceress can bind the swords to her will and gain unimaginable power.

Seven Swords of Sin is an extremely deadly dungeon adventure for 7th-level characters, compatible with the world's most popular fantasy roleplaying game. This adventure includes details on Kaer Maga and the labyrinth that lies underneath. The characters must venture into the city of criminals, find the dungeon, and stop the sorceress before she can complete her ritual to unlock the power of the swords.

This adventure was developed from the Paizo Dungeon Delve that ran at Gen Con 2007, and features rooms designed by the Paizo staff. Kaer Maga is located inside Varisia, the setting of the Rise of the Runelords *Pathfinder* Adventure Path.



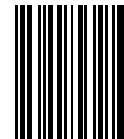
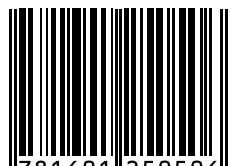
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PZO9503

US\$12.99

ISBN 978-1-60125-050-6

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